

FEB 6 - 1947

THE LIFE CYCLE OF THE RED DEER-II

COUNTRY LIFE

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JANUARY 24, 1947

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MISCELLANEOUS

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SITUATIONS VACANT

GARDENER (single-handed) wanted, Tunbridge Wells. Wife willing help in house, no children. Lawns, small orchard, kitchen garden. Chauffeur mows lawns and helps. Good cottage with bathroom. One lady. State wages asked.—**Box 99**.

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COMFORT, quiet, books, lovely garden, excellent food; Country Guest House, Weald of Kent. Fitted basins; central heating. Terms: seven guineas per week.—Apply, **MRS. HOPE HUGHES**, Witlesey, Cranbrook.

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REALLY good food, a welcome, peace, and comfort in owner's 17TH-CENTURY HOME. Rooms with private baths. Trout Fishing. From 21/- daily.—**R. W. CORBETT**, LONGNOR HALL COUNTRY CLUB, near Shrewsbury.

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WANTED

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FOR SALE

ANTIQUE CLOCKS, Lantern, Bracket, etc. Case, etc., in perfect order.—**EDWARD F.R.S.A.**, M.B.H.Inst., 26, West Park Avenue, Roundhay, Leeds. Lists for stamp.

ANTIQUE GARDEN CISTERN for sale, date 1722 G.I. maker's initials H.V., ornate on sides (dolphin, etc.), 5 ft. x 2 1/2 ft. x 2 1/2 ft. by paying transport. Viewed outskirts of Bournemouth by appointment.—**S.H. WALL**, The Carlton Hotel, Bournemouth.

BRAND NEW pre-war Burlington four-door Caravan, fully equipped, most pleasing finish both inside and out.—**SYD ABRAMS LTD.**, 16 Waterloo Road, Manchester 8.

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FISHING TACKLE IS SCARCE. We have more than most. All of dependable quality. 3/6 Casts. Trout silk worm gut, taper, 3/6; level, 3/6. Nylon tapers, 3/6; level, 2/6; salmon silk worm gut, 5/6; white, 4/5, 12/6, 3/5, 15/6, 2/5, 17/6. Nylon 6/5, 5/5, 5/6, 4/5, 6/5, 3/5, 6/6, 2/5, 7/6. 3/4. On dry fly Reel, pre-war quality, 70/-. Send for illustrated Book of Files, free.—**ODDEN SUTHERLAND LTD.**, 62, St. James's Street, Piccadilly, London, S.W.1. Telephone: Regent 2512.

FOR SALE, 1 red swallow-tail Coat (unworn), red square cut, 2 black ditto, chest 40, height 62, 2 or with cotton Breeches: 2 pr. Fish boots: 1 mahogany ditto, 10 1/2, calf 15, length 18 1/2. Two black Breeches, 37, 29, 37, 29 pr. Laid by Bone. Many vells and stocks. Excellent condition. No approx. Best offers.—**LADY REYNOLDS**, 3, Fulwood Park, Limerpool.

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OTHER PROPERTY AND AUCTIONS. ADVISING PAGE 212

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CI No. 2610

JANUARY 24, 1947



Pearl Freeman

THE HONOURABLE BETTY BYNG

The Honourable Betty Byng, who is the second daughter of Viscount Torrington, was a V.A.D. with the Royal Navy in Malta and Sicily during the war and is shortly to serve with the W.V.S. in the Far East

COUNTRY LIFE

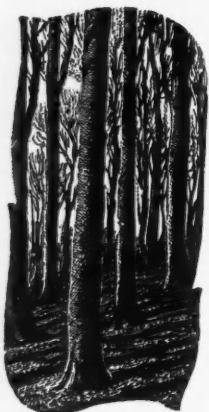
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THOUGHTS ABOUT THE PLANNING BILL

ANY attempt to rush the Town and Country Planning Bill through its early stages in the course of the next few weeks will not only be very properly resisted in Parliament, but will cause grave apprehension among those many seriously minded citizens who, during the war years, have studied the Barlow and Uthwatt Reports, and have realised the difficulties and perplexities involved in producing a plan which will make possible a process of orderly redevelopment of this country, and at the same time do no injustice to any man. It is, in the circumstances, natural that the parts of the Bill which have met with least criticism should be those clauses which widen the basis of town and country planning, which hold out a prospect of the proposals of individual planning authorities being easily reconciled and fitted into regional and national master-plans.

It would at the same time be merely foolish to ignore the fact that this rationalising of development involves a centralisation of powers in bureaucratic hands; that the easy way always adopted by our bureaucrats to make their control effective is to extinguish the rights of citizens to have recourse to the courts of law by themselves taking statutory power to issue Ministerial Orders; and that in the interests of the liberty of the subject such powers to issue Orders should be strenuously resisted and kept to the absolutely necessary minimum. From this point of view there is much to object to in the Bill, which not only relies administratively almost entirely upon Orders in Council, but which leaves the subject matter of those future Orders entirely in the air. The compensation proposals of the Bill contemplate the distribution of £300,000,000—arrived at by completely unspecified means—under a scheme to be worked out at some future date by the Treasury and legalised by Order in Council. There is little here of the close control of public finance by Parliament, and the safeguard of a resolution in both Houses may well prove illusory. Equally unsatisfactory from the point of view of public finance is the proposal that both such compensation payments and the proposed development charges are to be estimated not according to a fixed proportion laid down in the Act, but according to unspecified departmental ideas of the amount of "hardship" or "difficulty" involved.

Though the essential vagueness of these proposals will always be open to objection, it

may be of course that Ministerial explanations on the Second Reading will allay some of the fears which have been expressed with regard to Government intentions. At the present time these fears are many. Farmers, for instance, seem to have a legitimate grievance in the proposal that the price of their land at its "existing use" value should be based on 1939 valuations. They may, of course, get the benefit of the supplementary values provided in the Town and Country Planning Act of 1944, and in the case of all owner-occupiers an addition will presumably be made up to 60 per cent. of the 1939 value, but it seems only just that in cases where development has taken place within the "existing use" of the land, current market value should be paid when the land is taken compulsorily. Uncertainty, which may well have damaging effects on reconstruction, also exists with regard to the future of land at present in farming use which has been bought at high prices by builders on the outskirts of

THE FORSAKEN

*Quiet the fields now, joy and travail over,
The spring's conceiving, and the autumn's pain;*

*The ancient vow is broken; once again
Triumphant sun turns from his luckless lover.*

*Tread softly now. Along the darkening stubble
Softer than thou the ghosts of summer creep;
Folding her sorrow in the midst of sleep
The proud and patient earth forgets her trouble.*

*O long enduring bride, too oft forsaken,
In thy cold dreams await thine absent lord!
Suddenly with his bright and flaming sword
Returning, he shall thee from sleep awaken,*

*His guilty passion spent, his light love over;
Thou at his touch shalt stir, no longer grieving,
Nor still uncomfited, with joy receiving
Back to thy arms thy false and faithless lover.*

G. H. VALLINS.

towns for development purposes, and which may now be compulsorily acquired at its agricultural use value. Another important consideration concerns the position of trustees. If the development value of land is to be virtually extinguished every trustee who has invested money up to two-thirds of the value of land must at once consider how far the remaining third is represented by development value. How far will vague assurances of compensation on a basis of hardship enable him to avoid a personal action for negligence?

LOCAL BUILDING MATERIALS

IT is good to know that the quarries and small brickyards closed during the war have reopened, so that when the immediate stringency in building has been overtaken, something of the old range of materials will again be available. The Rural Industries Bureau, which is now supported by the Ministry of Labour, has brought a selection of them together in an exhibition at the Building Centre—re-established in the old R.I.B.A. building in Conduit Street, W. There are specimens of building stones, various tiles and slates and thatch—including black glazed Norfolk pantiles, hand-made quarry floor tiles, hurdles and gates, and twenty different local types of brick ranging from the vermilion of Hampshire to a rough dun-coloured Yorkshire brick. The Bureau, at 35, Camp Road, Wimbledon, is running various instruction courses. A party of saddlers who recently called, ready to deprecate the idea of teaching their craft so, is reported to have been impressed by what they saw. Blacksmiths are being trained there, too, on ornamental as well as practical work, though for the present their chief occupation must be as the armourers of agriculture. There is at least hope, however, of one day being able to get those gates, seized by the Ministry of Supply, replaced!

THE ETHICS OF RESTORATION

THE withholding of approval from the design for Coventry Cathedral is the first exercise of the Royal Fine Art Commission's new power to inspect and pronounce upon the

design for any public building. Reinforced though the Commission now is with the young blood of Mr. Maxwell Fry and Professor W. G. Holford, the decision required some courage. Sympathy is also due to Sir Giles Gilbert Scott. His original design was traditional in character, like the outside, but against his better judgment, perhaps, he altered it for execution in concrete at the instance of the Bishop, who pressed for more modernistic treatment. The result was not happy. The exhibited design suggested that the effect would be oppressively heavy and dark, and to that extent a misuse of reinforced concrete, which is capable, when handled with freedom, of producing well lighted buildings. The Commission has refused to approve what was felt to be an aesthetic mistake, namely, an attempt to combine two fundamentally different methods of construction in a building that must be a unity. That is the moral of the episode, and it has wide applications when so many ruined churches are to be rebuilt; St. Clement Danes, for example, the adoption of which by the Royal Air Force would be very welcome and appropriate. Indeed the idea of adoption by Service or similar bodies could well be extended to others, though not if it involved departure from the true ethics of restoration.

HOUSE REPAIRS

LOCAL authorities are now being required by the Minister of Works to limit rigidly the licences for house repair work. One rural district council, for instance, was given a "ceiling" of £1,300 in November, £1,200 in December, and £1,100 in January. To keep within these limits the councils are necessarily refusing licences for much maintenance work which has become urgently necessary. Window frames, for instance, cannot be left bare of paint indefinitely without the woodwork perishing, and many houses have missed a coat of paint since 1939. There are also many cottages which with a little expenditure, sometimes the installation of a bath or lavatory, can be made habitable for a man and his family, whereas to-day they are hardly weathertight or sanitary. Agriculture urgently needs more good houses, and if farmers are not to be allowed to build new houses and the local authorities proceed so slowly with their housing schemes there seems an unanswerable case for allowing, indeed encouraging, essential repairs and reconditioning of existing houses. The Minister of Works is apparently basing his repair licensing allowances to local authorities on the rule that only 15 per cent. of the total labour force in the area can be allocated to such work. His argument is that the total labour force cannot be increased and that a higher "ceiling" figure for repairs would only result in a smaller number of men working on new houses. But is it not a fact that few of the new houses will at any rate until the late summer have reached the stage that requires the services of the craftsmen normally employed so largely on repair and maintenance work? The Minister might well look at this problem again.

AGREEMENT IN GOAL

THE more subjects the nations can agree upon the better for the peace and quiet of the world. If the agreement is on no more than the rules of a game it is far from despicable, for a very small difference in rules may in the heat of conflict seem a very big one, and lead to all manner of misunderstanding. So it is good news that the Russian football players have changed their code to comply with the international code. Up till now their goalkeeper, under their rules, has enjoyed an almost enervating liberty in the goal area, where no one was allowed to touch him. The visit of the Dynamo team to this country apparently convinced their authorities that a little more hustling and bustling would brace the goalkeeper up, and his immunity from charging is now over. This will certainly please those whose football days are long past, and who still regret the more vigorous charging that was permissible in the days of their youth, but would to-day arouse booing from the crowd and whistling from the referee. Apart, however, from these possibly antiquated views, a universal code for what is now a universal game is eminently desirable and so most welcome.



A. J. Roberts

WINTER'S GARMENT OF UNSULLIED SNOW

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By
Major C. S. JARVIS

FOR the last decade or so the trout anglers of the British Isles have been arguing among themselves about why fishing has deteriorated to such an extent in practically all the rivers and lakes of the land. A number of causes have been suggested and explored, but when one comes down to basic facts I think the main reason why fishing is not what it was is that there are far more fishermen to-day than there were some forty years ago, and that the motor-car has made practically every water in the land easily accessible.

IN those halcyon days of long ago when I soldiered in southern Ireland, and when I considered a two-hour bicycle ride over mountain roads a reasonable price to pay for a day's fishing, it was quite possible to put a fly on a lough or stretch of stream that had not been visited previously by an angler that season. Unless one happens to be a Government statistician, it is difficult to give any figures to prove the great increase in the number of fishermen to-day compared with those of yesteryear. So far as the Army is concerned, however, which may be some guide to the increase generally, I recall that in the many battalions that I met in Ireland in those days there were, among the thirty-odd officers on the strength, possibly only two seniors who fished, and an angling subaltern was an exception—almost a freak! I do not know what the situation is to-day, for battalions have not yet sorted themselves out after six years of war, and some of them are not quite certain if they still exist, but before 1939 it would be no exaggeration to say that the man who did not fish was the exception.

The result of all this is that the various lakes and rivers are over-fished, and it is some consolation to know that a committee has recently been formed to improve matters by a thorough investigation of the angling potentialities of all the reservoirs and streams under

the control of the British Waterworks Association. The members of the committee are Sir Albert Atkev, representing Nottingham; Mr. Alan Atkinson, Manchester; Mr. R. W. Melvin, Bristol; and Mr. C. T. Doll, London, and from this it will be understood that it is not only trout fishermen whose interests will be considered.

The great increase in the populations of our big towns, together with the extension of main water to country districts, has necessitated the construction of a number of new reservoirs in various parts of England, and under the guidance of this committee these will be stocked with fish. I should imagine that the preference will always be for trout, for if a reservoir contains water fit for human beings to drink it is usually good enough for trout also, and it is just possible that some of these new waters may come up to the standard of Blagdon, which, according to my estimate, provides some three thousand fishing days a year on its 450 acres of water. Reservoir fishing may not be everybody's cup of tea, but it must be remembered that the majority of the reservoirs look like natural lakes in a perfect rural setting, and that a reservoir trout is usually a larger and far finer specimen than any obtainable elsewhere in the locality.

SOME time towards the end of December, that period when one makes good resolutions and plans one's behaviour for the coming year, I read in my morning newspaper an entertaining little story of how a Government official took his typist out to lunch at a restaurant (a very human touch this) and apparently behaved just like an ordinary man. A quite usual trait of the ordinary male of the species is that he desires, when entertaining a member of the

other sex, to appear to be an influential man of the world, and the ability to get the best service and the best food from the waiter, or waitress, has been regarded from time immemorial as proof of this. Towards the end of the meal, therefore, when the two main courses allowed by law had been consumed, the kind-hearted and very human waitress was not suspicious when she was coaxed to serve trifle also. She warned the lunchers that this was in excess of their ration, but promised them that she would do her best. Her best was successful, the trifle was served, and the result was a prosecution of herself and her employers, for it transpired that the ordinary man was not ordinary at all, but what is called in other and less-civilized countries, an *agent provocateur*.

A DAY or so later I read another story of much the same nature, but in this case the Government official who figured in the prosecution was a seller of rabbits in a market-place. He managed to bring off a deal by which he sold his rabbits at a price in excess of the maximum allowed, and I have never yet heard of a buyer of poultry, game or rabbits who insists on paying more than the price asked.

Shortly after I had read, marked, learned and inwardly digested these two rather indigestible stories I was driving my car on a subsidiary road leading on to a main road, and right across my track was the white line with the well-known slogan "Halt—Major Road Ahead." A policeman happened to be standing at the junction at the time, and he waved me on. I know this policeman quite well, for he has taken a glass of beer with me on the occasions when he calls about fire-arm certificates and other matters of that nature, but my faith in human nature, or at any rate official human nature, was utterly destroyed by the stories I had read. Suspecting a trap, I obeyed the order written for all to see, and pulled up on the white

line with a grinding of brakes, and some audible comments from the driver of the car behind.

* * *

A FRIEND has related to me two stories concerning Christmas gifts, one of which suggests that it is useless to send anything by post these days unless the article is made of highly tempered steel, and both of which point to the fact that the old saying "the customer is always right" does not apply to any business run by the Government. The first story is of two bottles of wine, which my correspondent sent as a Christmas present to a relative—and this in itself impresses me as to his social standing in the alcohol world. They were packed in a wine-merchant's two-bottle case, each bottle was in a corrugated slide, and all spare space was tightly packed with straw. The case arrived shattered to atoms and, when signing the registered receipt for the wreckage, the disappointed recipient remarked that she would claim damages. "Claim damages!" said the postman. "You're lucky not to have to pay them, and if the wine had penetrated into any other parcels in the van you would probably have had to."

The second story is about some cases of gin which were shipped to my correspondent by a friend in South Africa—and this impresses me still more, for it is nearly seven years since I have heard the word case used in connection with spirits; in our part of the world the expression half-bottle is more commonly used. When the cases arrived at the docks my correspondent was told he could not clear them until he was in possession of an import licence, but all his efforts to obtain this necessary document failed, so that in the end he informed the authorities regretfully that he abandoned all claim to the gin, and that they could do as they liked with it. Shortly afterwards he received a demand for a substantial sum on account of import duty and, on his protest that he was being asked to pay on liquor that he was not

allowed to receive, he was informed that some of the cases had been stolen and that, as they had been removed from bond, someone would have to pay the duty!

I have had considerable experience recently of the treatment that registered parcels receive, since one of the little amusements of the hard-of-hearing is the despatch of their deaf-aids to the makers for overhaul and repairs. When, in due course, the instrument is returned by registered post the question whether the original trouble has been remedied does not arise, since the problem is whether the unfortunate wreck can ever be reconstructed. Occasionally also, in my more optimistic moods, I send off a few of my surplus pullets' eggs to a deserving friend with young children, who lives in London. However carefully these are packed the condition of the contents of the package on arrival suggests, as my egg-shell recipient puts it, that the bag of registered parcels containing the eggs had been hurled from a train travelling at 60 m.p.h. into a lorry moving at the same speed in the opposite direction.

* * *

IN the days before the war there were poultrymen throughout the British Isles whose main business was the sale of sittings of eggs from their first-class stock to their customers all over the country. These eggs were packed in light cardboard boxes, with compartments of the same material, and it was unusual to receive a parcel with even one egg broken. To-day such a thing as a cardboard box would have no chance of survival whatsoever, and would be merely a hostage to fortune. If ever the poultry world returns to normal, which seems most unlikely at the time of writing, the business of selling sittings of eggs can never be revived unless the Post Office greatly improves its methods, for nobody is going to pay 12s. or more for an uncooked omelette, garnished with slices of soaked cardboard.

A CORRESPONDENT has sent me a delightful story of his dog, who, when the shooting of rabbits was in progress, provided a display of that eminently reasonable argument that master should acquit himself as well as, or even better than, the other man. The dog in question was not of a sporting variety in the generally accepted sense, for he was one of those queer fellows of mixed breed (in this instance Irish terrier out of wire-haired terrier) who prove sometimes that they have a nose the equal of that of any Labrador, and an understanding of the ways of fur, feather and human beings, plus a full share of canine reasoning, that the average shooting dog does not always possess.

The dog who picks up another man's bird and brings it to his own master whenever he is allowed the chance is common enough, but the behaviour of this half-bred terrier went rather beyond this, as it provided proof that a dog can reason. My correspondent and a friend, both with their dogs, were ferreting a hedgerow on a steep slope, and the Irish cross-bred was with his master on the higher side. The first rabbit to appear came out on the lower side and was rolled over, and the other man's dog, a spaniel, promptly retrieved it and laid it behind his master. Almost immediately another rabbit bolted, taking the downward slope again, and this also was shot, to be placed by the spaniel behind his owner. On seeing this the Irish cross-bred, incensed by the general unfairness of things, made a wide detour, crept through the hedge some distance away, and picking up one of the rabbits, brought it back to his master by the same route, so that the theft was not noticed. By this time another rabbit had been shot, on the wrong side of the hedge again, according to the terrier, and this also was purloined in the same way. So it went on until nine rabbits had been killed on the lower slope, and none on the higher, but when the successful gunner turned round to pick up his bag he found, not nine rabbits as he expected, but one.

THE LIFE CYCLE OF THE RED DEER—II

Written and Illustrated by G. KENNETH WHITEHEAD

[The following article is a continuation of the one published in the issue of October 11, 1946, in which Mr. Whitehead described the life of the Red Deer during the summer months]

BY mid-September the majority of stags should be "clean," and any beasts seen in velvet after that date are either youngsters or old beasts whose health is failing. These latter should figure high on the stalker's "short list," for they are useless for breeding purposes, and, should a prolonged and hard winter follow the rut, would most assuredly perish anyway.

The end of September marks the finish of the stag's annual growth. His "year" started with the sprouting of fresh antlers and, conveniently enough, this date more or less approximates to his birth-date. To build up in the space of three months four to six pounds of antler

(Continental heads are far heavier) requires a considerable amount of physical effort, and for this reason alone hummels, or hornless stags, are generally far heavier bodied than their antlered brethren. However, by September a stag is free of this burden, and until the rut commences is able to devote the whole of his time and energy to waxing fat. Given the right food and conditions, stags put on weight fast. Yet during the rut they lose it even quicker, so it will be seen that September is a critical period in the stag's year. Should he fail to put on sufficient weight, then the call of the rut will overtax his reserves and a hard winter will spell death.

An antler, when first clean, is completely white, but weather, tree-rubbing and peat stains soon tone it to a warm brown or black, with only the ivory-like tips showing white. Briefly, a good head should be at least 30 inches long

with a similar inside spread, long points and a good thick rough beam, deeply grooved and pearly. These grooves are the channels in which the blood flowed during the "velvet days"—the deeper the grooves and rougher the horn, the more abundant has been the blood supply and better quality horn results.

For most of the year a stag is silent, but during September he finds his voice, and with it added confidence and less forbearance of his fellow stags. This change is accompanied by a swelling of the neck, while a shaggy mane quickly develops to complete the picture of power and grace. He is no longer satisfied with bachelor clubs or solitary confinement among the mist-wreathed tops, but must seek a wife—not one or two, but as many as his strength and guile can muster, for he is polygamous.

The rut during this past season has been



THE DERRY LODGE STAGS WERE STILL MOVING ABOUT IN A LARGE HERD



"THE WALLOWS ARE WELL CHURNED UP BY THEIR FORE-FEET"

extremely late, and on a number of forests stags did not break up and go with hinds until the first week in October. For example, the first stag seen with hinds on Strath Garve forest, Ross-shire, solely hind ground, was not until October 4, and it was not until a week later that the majority of resident hinds had been parcelled off by stags. The higher the ground the later generally are the stags in breaking up.

The Derry Lodge (Aberdeenshire) stags, which spend the summer on Moine Bhealaidh, known locally as the Yellow Moss, were still moving about in a herd about 300 strong on September 28, and although there was a certain amount of roaring, there was only one stag with hinds to be seen on that vast high waste. However, lower down on Creag Bhalg, above Mar Lodge, the rut had definitely begun, and I saw several stags rounding up their hinds.

That stags are roaring does not necessarily indicate that the rut has begun, for spasmodic roaring can be heard before the stags break up, for perhaps a week or so, depending on the condition of the hinds. I am convinced that the lateness of the 1946 rut was due to the backwardness of the hinds in coming into season. This, in turn, was doubtless due to the very wet summer. Physically, however, seldom have stags reached the larder in such "pride of grease" as did those shot in early September; hinds, too, appeared to be in the pink of condition.

As the number of days to the rut shortens, so do the tempers of the stags. The younger beasts are continuously scrapping with one another, wrestling and pushing with locked antlers, although no blood is spilt. The older stags are more aloof, and use only the point of the antler to jab a youngster in the ribs should he cause annoyance; when they fight, it will be in earnest, in defence of their harem. A battle of this description, between well matched beasts, is indeed a grand spectacle, but fatal accidents seldom happen, one or other of the contestants giving up as soon as he becomes exhausted. The preliminary to a fight is a study of offensive and defensive tactics. Given sufficient notice, the defender likes to meet his challenger at least two hundred yards from the hinds, and there he will stand roaring and awaiting his arrival.

The stags will seldom close in at this point but will start walking round the hinds in an ever decreasing circle with the defender always trying to keep between the hinds and the intruder, while the latter is constantly watching for an opportunity to rush into the middle of the hinds and, if possible, to split off a portion of them for himself. It is when this move is made that the two join battle, and should the contest take place on falling ground, whichever is

fortunate enough in procuring the higher berth has a great advantage in the pushing match that follows. Often while a stag is thus engaged he loses many of his hinds, for other stags, seeing their opportunity, rush in and help themselves. The hinds show no attachment to their late lord, and follow meekly.

It is fascinating to watch stags hind-hunting. One day the stags are still in large bands; the next, maybe following a night of frost, which seems to stimulate their sexual desires, the parties start to break up, and indi-

vidually, or in small parties of two or three beasts, though each is hunting for himself, they rush about the hill-tops and into the rocks amid the steep corries, looking for hinds. Should a stag be successful, he will chase his hinds out on to more level ground, where he can best keep his eye on them.

Should, however, his search be in vain, he will rush about madly, often re-covering the same ground over and over again, apparently forgetful that his previous circuit was abortive. On September 22 I watched four stags as, for over an hour, they vainly searched the rocks around Carnena Beiste on Strath Bran forest. They must have traversed the same ground at least five times before moving over towards Loch Fannich.

During the rut the wallows or soiling-baths are much used by the stags, and are churned by their fore-feet into a spongy consistency, with a central depression for wallowing in. All around, traces of hair can be seen adhering to the mud. Besides relieving any irritation caused by such parasites as the ked and the warble-fly, the mud-bath must be a refreshing interlude during the exertions of the rut and, since the latter reaches its peak during the hours of darkness, the wallows are most used at daybreak.

Hinds, too, wallow during the autumn, but only occasionally, and then only when the weather is warm. During spring and summer, however, they constantly wallow, but do not use the same "cloaks" as the stags, preferring a wetter place. Every evening last summer about fifty hinds from Morrone Hill, Aberdeenshire, would gather round one of these wallows which was scarcely a hundred yards from the road. Like the stags, the hinds wallow to seek relief from the attention of parasites. Wallows are a source of great attraction to deer, for even if they are "moved" by human agency—which is quite distinct from frightening them into flight—should their path take them past a wallow, it is an even chance that one or two beasts will stop for a quick roll.

On forests where there are trees, the stags, once clean of velvet, often resort to rubbing



BY SEPTEMBER A STAG IS ABLE TO DEVOTE THE WHOLE OF HIS TIME TO WAXING FAT



"HINDS, TOO, APPEARED TO BE IN THE PINK OF CONDITION"

their antlers among the lower branches. On September 29 I followed a large stag down from Creag Bhalg into the wood above Mar Lodge. He went straight to a birch tree, began rubbing, and continued for about twenty minutes, with only a momentary break to utter a roar. As soon as he had finished he moved off and another smaller beast took his place. Where no trees exist, stags often rub their horns vigorously in the heather. Occasionally a stag may be seen with strips of moss hanging from his antlers, and this has sometimes given the erroneous impression that he is late in shedding velvet, and is still in "tatters."

The reason for this antler-rubbing is somewhat obscure. Fraser Darling, in his excellent book *Herd of Red Deer*, states: "The antlers form an erotic zone. The sexual activity of the stag is so intense that he has not sufficient hinds to satisfy his lust. He may masturbate several times during the day. The act is accomplished by a lowering of the head and gently rubbing the tips of the antlers to and fro through the herbage." As to the frequency of masturbation, I fully agree, for a day among the stags in October hardly passes without a chance of witnessing this event, and it is always introduced by a lowering and shaking of the head among the herbage. But I am yet to be convinced that the act is produced by any sensation in the tips of the antler points. Otherwise, tree-rubbing would similarly excite him.

Yet, despite the stag's acute lust, it is remarkable how few hill-going folk have ever witnessed a stag serving a hind. I know several stalkers who have never seen it, and I myself have seen it occur only twice; and on both occasions it was the same stag that copulated—and within half an hour. It is obvious, therefore, that the act normally takes place at night.

By the end of October the intensity of the rut is on the wane, though stags may still be heard roaring well on into November; but no longer is it the impressive challenge of October. Sometimes a stag will bark like a hind. It is a bark of annoyance. Late in September I stalked to within 20 yards of a big eight-pointer which was resting on a ridge. It was misty, and when he eventually spotted me he was still uncertain what the "something" was. He stood up, barked several times, and then ran off a short distance before standing to bark again. This performance was repeated until he finally disappeared into the mist.

On October 11 I again heard a stag barking. This time it was in bright sunshine, and he was fully aware of my presence. I was stalking a wild twelve-pointer on Beinn a Chaisteil, Strath-

rannoch Forest, when a travelling stag came up from the rear. Seeing me between himself and the twelve-pointer's hinds, the traveller stopped and began to bark. I then had the unique experience of both seeing and hearing a stag roaring a challenge on one side of me while a second beast barked out annoyance on the other.

Stags in search of hinds travel immense distances, and often become extremely bold. It is this false boldness which rather detracts from mid-October stalking. Risks may be taken which, in early September, would have cleared the whole corrie of deer, so completely numbed is a stag's sense of danger. Many owners of deer forests have finished stalking by October 10, and wise they are. By this date almost all but the young stags are much run. Lean and tucked up in appearance, they are of little value as meat to the connoisseur of venison. Like most animals, deer have their own particular body scent which is intensified during the rut, and it is possible, if you have a keen nose, to pick up this smell, especially if you happen to be crawling over a recently vacated lie.

Yet, just at the season when stag meat is at its very worst, hind flesh is in its prime, and the majority of hinds are shot between mid-November and January. Which type of hinds should be shot has always been a point of controversy, but if venison is the sole consideration it should be the yeld hind. A yeld hind is one that, although pregnant, has not borne a calf the previous summer, and is at least two seasons

old. She is recognisable by her good condition, with no apparent dark patch or shadow where the leading edge of the haunch starts to separate from the barrel or stomach. A protuberant hipbone is a sure sign that the hind is a milker, with a calf lying hidden somewhere. It is not uncommon to see a hind with both a first-year calf and a yearling at foot. Unlike the roe deer the red deer hind suffers the yearling to remain with her, and it is thus that the small family groups of hinds are formed.

By the end of November the majority of stags have once more rejoined their bachelor clubs, and doubtless have many tales of chase and escape to recount. They are in poor condition, and are unable to stand rough weather so well as the hinds. They wander about, therefore, in search of food and shelter, and will often be seen near human habitation, especially during periods of prolonged snow. Frost may send the deer up again on the hill for a few days but any sign of further snow will once more bring them down to the straths. They normally travel in single file and look pitifully despondent.

On island forests and on those along the sea coast the deer often frequent the shore to eat seaweed. All animals are fond of salt licks, and it is not surprising, therefore, that deer should have a taste for seaweed.

Spring marks the culminating event in the stag's year. His antlers, which perhaps six months previous had been the envy of stalkers for miles around, are cast carelessly aside as worthless objects, to lie forgotten in some peat bog, or more likely to be eaten by other deer. One would imagine that he might rejoice at being relieved of this cumbersome burden, but not a bit of it. Like a man losing his hair, the stag appears embarrassed at his sudden "baldness," moves about in a subdued fashion, and is so completely lacking in individualism that it is hard to realise that in but a few months' time he may well be the master-stag of fifty hinds. But we all have our off days.



"STAGS IN SEARCH OF HINDS OFTEN BECOME EXTREMELY BOLD"

BRUSH-MAKERS OF WELLS

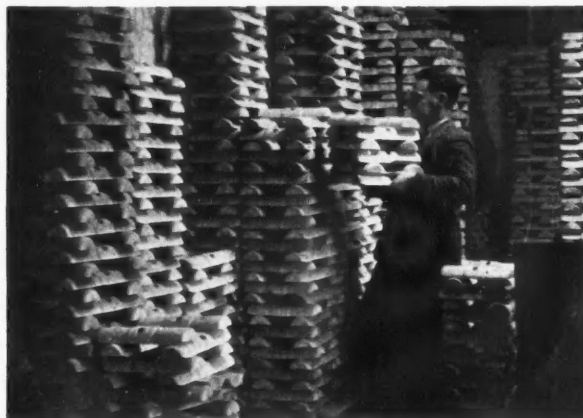
Written and Illustrated by NORMAN WYMER

ONE would hardly expect, in these days of mass production, to find such articles as brushes still being made by hand as of old. Yet, tucked away up a little side alley at Wells in Somerset, unseen and unnoticed, is a small colony of men and women whose products are sent all over the world.

Between them, these men make every conceivable kind of brush for home and farm alike, and their goods find as much favour with the farmers of the Colonies and of, say, Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Norway as with those at home. It is claimed that a hand-made brush will not only sweep cleaner than one turned out in the factories, but will have a longer life.

This colony at Wells presents one of the finest examples I have met of the complete difference in both outlook and methods of those who work by hand and those who work machines. For here we may find both types, machine hands and craftsmen, working within a stone's throw of one another; each serving the same market, yet each quite separate and independent of the other.

As with most forms of handwork, theirs is a highly specialised and individual one. No two types of brush are ever made exactly alike. On the other hand the range seems almost unlimited including, as it does, scavenger brushes, household brooms, soft and sweeping brushes, Turk's head churn brushes, deck scrubs,



1.—STACKING THE BRUSH-HEADS IN READINESS FOR "KNOTTING"



2.—"KNOTTING" A SCAVENGER BROOM

wire hand-drawn churn and pail brushes, bottle brushes and sundry others besides. To watch any one of these craftsmen at work might well give the impression that the making of a brush is a comparatively simple matter. On the contrary, it is only their very skill and dexterity that would make it seem so. Indeed, so complicated is their work that it is seldom that any one man will ever be set to make more than one, or at most two or three, types of brush. Though each man will have a pretty fair understanding of what his companions are about, all prefer to be masters of their own particular line, faithful to the doctrine of true craftsmanship.

Let us consider a few of the principal types. First the scavenger brush. Here the craftsman will use only home-grown birch, alder, sycamore, willow—or withy, as he prefers to call it in these parts—for his stock, and he will season the wood for months on end.

The first stage is to cut the stock to any length from 12 to 18 inches, according to the requirements of the particular customer. This done, it is rounded on a lathe and split down the centre to provide two brush-heads, the greatest care being taken to see that each section is of equal dimensions. Next, taking one head at a time, the craftsman drills a series of equi-distant holes in the flat surface before smoothing and trimming the whole to a perfect balance. The brush-heads are then stacked in readiness for "knotting" (Fig. 1).

In due course, seated before his bench, in the centre of which is a cauldron of hot pitch fitted with an enormous chimney to allow the poisonous fumes to escape, the brush-maker, in company with two or three others, sets to work on the intricate work of the "knotting" of the holes (Fig. 2). Upon the evenness of this work depend, in large measure, the whole efficiency and easy handling of the finished article.

For this "knotting," bass from West Africa or Brazil is used. The wood is imported in a semi-natural condition, and so must first be dyed, dressed and cut into lengths. Sometimes the bass will be used on its own, but more often a certain amount of either cane or bone will be let in to make the bristles firmer and more resisting. Taking a handful of this mixture, the craftsman dips one end of the brush-head into the hot pitch, ties it securely with thrum-hemp,

and then gives it a further dipping before inserting the knot into one of the holes, giving a special twist of his wrist as he does so (Fig. 2). It is this twist, one old man assured me, that helps to make the knot secure and is largely responsible for ensuring that the finished brush will be covered uniformly. All that remains now is to fix the handle and to give a final trimming all over.

The ordinary soft household broom is made in similar style except that the stock is cut to a narrower, lighter, and altogether neater design and rather more expensive fibres are used for the bristles.

Quite different are the churn and pail brushes, which are made of beech as being the most suitable wood to stand up to constant use in really hot water. Here oblong boards are cut and drilled, and filled with Bahia bass from Brazil or with bassine from Ceylon. Unlike the brooms, no pitch is used for the knotting. Instead, the bass is wired in the centre, doubled in halves, the wire being pulled taut through one of the holes and secured in place behind. When each of the many holes has been filled thus, a thin sheeting of beech is fixed and glued to the back (Fig. 3) to give added security and, at the same time, hide the wiring. Finally, the bristles are trimmed by shears and the woodwork finished off by means of spokeshave.

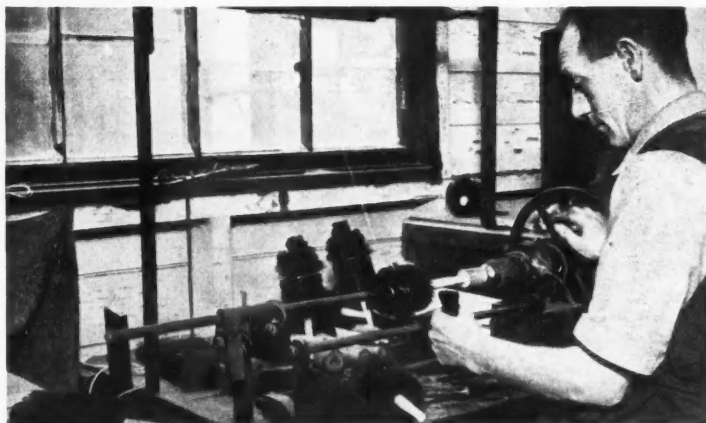
This wiring is no easy business, yet I am told that an expert can cover the head of a brush within a quarter of an hour.

The making of the bottle brushes is entirely different. Strips of home-grown ash or beech are turned on the lathe and then cupped and grooved; work entrusted to only the most accomplished and experienced. These cups and grooves are then filled with South American mule hair, which is doubled in halves and wired into position by a cunningly devised hand-propelled tension apparatus (Fig. 4). It is work that both sounds and looks simple but one that is among the most complicated of all, calling for infinite patience and skill throughout.

The number of brushes made in these small country workshops seems unlimited, and the men and women who make them are all of the old tradition, and present a living proof of the continued importance of the rural craftsman in an industrial age.



3.—FIXING THE BACK TO A CHURN BRUSH



4.—WIRING THE MULE HAIR TO A BOTTLE-BRUSH

COLLECTORS' QUESTIONS

A RIVER SCENE

CAN any of your readers assist me in locating the castle which appears in the accompanying photograph of a landscape or venture an opinion as to the artist?—W. G. BOOTH (Dr.), 125, Spilsby Road, Boston, Lincolnshire.

The two Griffiers, father and son, were landscape painters, best known for their river scenes. The older Griffier, born at Amsterdam in 1645, came to England after the Fire of London, and painted many scenes on the Thames; he died in 1718. Dr. Booth's painting is probably by Jan Griffier, junior (circa 1690-1750) and appears to be one of his views of the upper Rhine in which he dealt largely, and rather imaginatively, often placing British castles in Rhenish scenery. This castle is reminiscent of Chepstow Castle, and is represented in its unruined state, with the bridge across the river. The picture may be a fanciful version of that scene. In the foreground a hawking party is in progress; the younger Griffier was addicted to hawking scenes.

LOOKING THROUGH THE JELLY

Can you give me information regarding the piece of china illustrated in the accompanying photograph? It is stamped on the base "Wedgwood 77." The article is all in one piece and is white in colour with a fine glaze. The floral decoration is hand-painted and well executed in a variety of colours, including pink, brown, mauve, blue and green. There are four small holes round the base inside the rim, two of which are just visible in the photograph. Measurements are as follows: height, 5 ins.; length, 8½ ins.; width, 4½ ins. I should much like to know what its use was and its approximate age.—R. K. FOULKES, Brookfield, Preston Road, Yeovil, Somerset.

The article in question is the core of a jelly-mould, with a floral design intended to be seen through the transparent jelly when it has set and the outer mould, fitting down on the flanges of the core, has been removed. The holes in the flanges (base when inverted) of the core are for the infusion of the liquid when hot. The mould was doubtless made at the factory of Josiah Wedgwood at Etruria, Staffordshire, towards the end of the eighteenth century, and the pattern was painted in the workshop at Chelsea maintained by Wedgwood at that period.

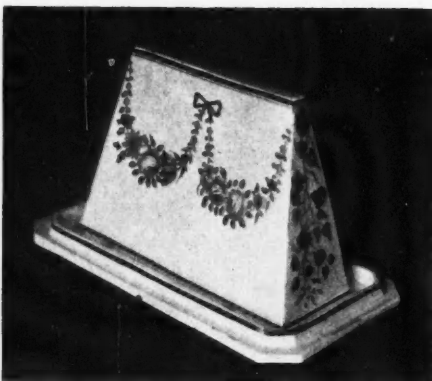
A DUTCH TOBACCO BOX

I have a small engraved brass box which has been in my family for many years. I should be



LANDSCAPE ATTRIBUTED TO JAN GRIFFIER, JUN. (circa 1690-1750)

See question: A River Scene



CORE OF JELLY-MOULD WITH PAINTED FLORAL DECORATIONS. WEDGWOOD, LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

See question: Looking Through the Jelly

grateful for any information you can give me as to its origin and use, and whether a translation of the script is possible.—C. PAIGE DICKINS, Fourways, Monxton, near Andover, Hampshire.

Our correspondent's brass box, which we have photographed, is a Dutch tobacco box of a shape extremely popular during the last half of the eighteenth century, when they were extensively imported into this country. They were also made in England in South Staffordshire enamel. Built from three pieces of heavy rolled brass—early examples were made from beaten metal—and two lengths of extruded beading, all invisibly brazed together, they were decorated by experienced engravers of pewter. Metal tobacco boxes were used from about 1650. They were of brass or copper and brass, the outer surfaces being engraved with designs, embellished with hatching, usually illustrating Biblical scenes, proverbs and contemporary events. These boxes were intended for the prosperous middle-class, since their homeliness of sentiment and material do not reflect a sophisticated taste. They are often signed by the engraver. According to Fairholt, they contained all that the smoker required except the pipe.

The script and symbols decorating the front of the body of this example constitute a rebus which may be interpreted: "A loyal (clasped hands) heart (hart) is the crown (crown) of the world (orb)." This sentiment is also found on jewellery in many parts of Europe. The base is decorated with scenes from Genesis depicting the temptation of Adam and the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden. The inscription reads: "Eve is the apple sweet to taste? The after-taste is bitter. How dear the pleasure. Adam, you are allowing yourself to be charmed and lured away. Redeemer, come to us or the world is lost." On the lid are displayed scenes from the Creation, with the inscription: "When the world was created, sky, earth and sea sprang from nothing."

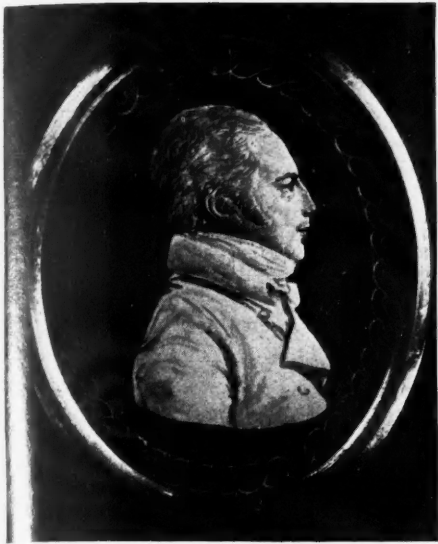
SPORNBERG'S SILHOUETTES

I have a fine silhouette by Spornberg, dated Cheltenham 1803, with a label on the back. This label is, I believe, unique, as Mrs. Neville Jackson has no mention of it in her book on Silhouettes. What intrigues me in this label is the following statement in block capitals: "His



BRASS TOBACCO BOX, DUTCH, LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. ENGRAVED WITH SCENES FROM GENESIS

See question: A Dutch Tobacco Box



SILHOUETTE BY W. SPORNBERG. DONE AT CHELTENHAM IN 1803

See question: Spornberg's Silhouettes

views of Cheltenham and Bath and likeness of Mrs. Forty sold at Mr. Seldens library High Street and at Mr. Fasan in the Well Walk," etc. Can anyone inform me who this Mrs. Forty was? She must have been a person of some renown.—M. J. M. CHRISTIE, Twatling, Barnt Green, near Birmingham.

Mrs. Forty was the well-woman who officiated at the "Original and Royal Wells," Cheltenham Spa, for considerably more than half a century. Her delightful personality endeared her to all those eminent people who visited Cheltenham Spa to drink the waters. She was presented to George III and Queen Charlotte during their visit of 1788, after which the wells were dubbed "Royal." The matchless efficiency of Mrs. Forty in the Pump Room gave her a reputation among the nobility and gentry against which neighbouring wells were unable to compete until after her death. She began working at the wells as a young girl shortly after the opening, in 1738, of a pump room adjoining the dome-covered chalybeate spring which brought prosperity to Cheltenham. The well at which she officiated was long known as "Mrs. Forty's Well," and achieved considerable fame. Her husband died in 1799 aged 80.

W. Spornberg, a Swede, was a profilist and miniaturist who worked at Bath from 1773 until later than 1795, residing at 2, Lillyput Alley, and 5, Lower Church Street. The views of Bath referred to appeared as illustrations to the *History of Bath* by the Rev. R. Warner, published in 1801. The drawings are, however, thought to have been prepared some years

earlier. Mr. Easen's establishment at which the views of Cheltenham and Bath were sold was about 300 yards from Mrs. Forty's Well. Spornberg was noted for his painted profiles in orange red on black backgrounds with elaborate borders. These were generally painted on concave glass. This hitherto unknown label seems to prove that Spornberg was working in Cheltenham as late as 1803.

DECALCOMANIA

I have lately bought a tray decorated with prints, coloured and varnished, and should be glad to know the country of origin. The prints are apparently eighteenth century, and I was told that this form of decoration is known abroad as "decalcomania."—J. K. S., Chiswick, W.4.

The decoration of furniture, trays, screens, boxes and fire boards by cut-out prints was a popular amusement in Paris in the eighteenth century; but the existing pieces so decorated are most commonly to be traced to Venice, where *decalcomania* had a considerable vogue in the second half of the eighteenth century. At Venice paper motifs were specially prepared for this form of decoration. A secretaire decorated with cut-out prints is preserved at the Museo Civico at Milan. The prints were heavily varnished, and so they have been preserved.

A SCENE FROM TOM JONES

Can you give me any information about a print showing grave robbers fighting with relatives of the dead in a churchyard? The landscape is by W. Woollett and the figures are by F. Bartolozzi.—M. H. B.-E., London, W.9.

This engraving was published in London by V. M. Picot in 1776. It illustrates a scene from Fielding's *Tom Jones*, in which the hero is assisting Molly Seagram to repulse the body-stealers from the churchyard. It is after a painting by P. J. de Louthembourg, and was engraved by William Woollett in the line manner, the figures being etched in by Bartolozzi. Woollett was a line engraver of some prominence, who is best remembered for his classical landscapes after Richard Wilson. He was less successful with his figures, and he frequently got other artists to etch them on to his plates.

A PROBLEM OF SIGNATURE

I send you herewith photographs of a pair of shooting pictures. They are about 23 ins. by 19 ins., and, as you will see, of superb quality, rich foliage, and, I assume, about 1820 in date.

When I had them cleaned and re-varnished, a first-class firm was unable to name the artist. Only one is signed (with the initials E.H.), that depicting the man in the act of shooting, and in the lower right-hand corner.

I should be very much obliged if you or any of your readers can authenticate these for me.—J. SUTCLIFFE SYMON, Narsebury, Stoke Charity, near Winchester, Hampshire.

The signature, a tracing of which was sent by our correspondent, is either not genuine, or, if so, has been touched up to make it clearer. If genuine underneath, it is that of Ed. Hull, well known as an engraver of sporting scenes, who also exhibited paintings at the Royal Academy, 1827-74. But for the signature these works would assuredly be ascribed to D. Wolstenholme (op. 1803-24).

A BEAR-BAITING ALE-JUG

Can you kindly say if anything is known of the origin of the chinaware bear of which I enclose a photograph? It appears to me to



STAFFORDSHIRE SALT-GLAZE ALE-JUG IN THE FORM OF A BEAR BAITED BY A TERRIER (MID-EIGHTEENTH CENTURY)

See question: A Bear-baiting Ale-jug

have a monkey or some animal under it. The body is hollow and the head can be removed. I was once told that it was a Nottingham beer-jug, and as bear-baiting with monkeys was, I believe, a Nottingham "sport," perhaps there is a connection.—W. A. MONCKTON, Elmleigh, Havant, Hampshire.

The bear is an ale-jug with detachable head made to serve as a mug; the animal clinging to the bear is a terrier (for baiting the bear). The jug is of salt-glaze stoneware and was made in Staffordshire about the middle of the eighteenth century. There are specimens of similar salt-glaze bear jugs in the Victoria and Albert and Fitzwilliam (Cambridge) Museums. Jugs of the same kind were made also at Nottingham, but in a stoneware with a rich brown glaze; white stoneware was not made at Nottingham.

Questions intended for these pages should be forwarded to the Editor, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, W.C.2, and a stamped addressed envelope enclosed for reply. In no case should originals be sent; nor can any valuation be made.



TWO EARLY 19th-CENTURY SHOOTING PICTURES (23 ins. by 19 ins.)

See question: A Problem of Signature

OLD TOWNS RE-VISITED—XVIII

CHICHESTER—III THE CAPITAL OF WEST SUSSEX

An account of the Georgian renaissance in Chichester with a description of the Pallant and some general observations on the future of the city

By ARTHUR OSWALD

THE eighteenth century brought to Chichester a new economic prosperity and with it a blossoming in its social life which had all the characteristics of a miniature renaissance. Defoe, writing in George I's reign, "cannot say much for the City of Chichester, in which, if six or seven good Families were removed, there would not be much Conversation, except what is to be found among the Canons and Dignitaries of the Cathedral." By the end of the century there had taken place a remarkable change. Practically the whole city had been rebuilt; in all four quarters there were good houses, occupied by "good families," many of them worthy non-conformists, who found edification in their neat Georgian meeting-houses. The demand for recreation had been met by a theatre (still existing in South Street) and an assembly room behind the Council House. The cathedral was in some degree a musical centre. There were circles in which the arts were sedulously cultivated. The three Smiths of Chichester, under the patronage of the Duke of Richmond, enjoyed a more than local celebrity: George and John as landscape painters; William, the eldest of the three, as a portraitist, although most of his work was done in London and Gloucester. William Collins, Chichester's most considerable poet, was born and died in the city. There was also the tiresome but well-meaning Hayley, would-be patron of Blake, biographer of Cowper and Romney, and a prolific poetaster who might have been Poet Laureate if he had wished. Although he retired to the seclusion of Eartham, Chichester was his native city: he was grandson of one Dean of Chichester and married the daughter of another.



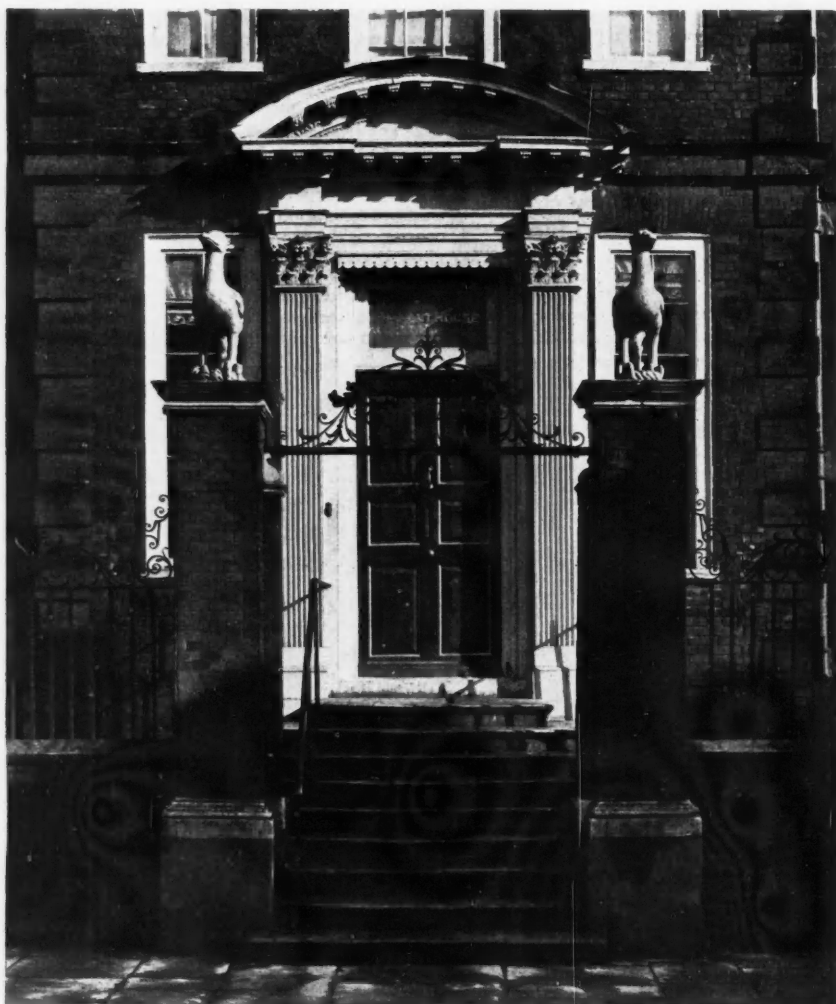
1.—GEORGIAN HOUSES IN EAST PALLANT

The boom to which Chichester owed its revival was brought about by a new development in the corn trade. When Defoe wrote, it had not had time to leave its mark on the buildings of the city, but it was still sufficiently recent for him to take particular note of it. Whereas, formerly, he explains, Sussex farmers

had sent their corn overland to Farnham, the great grain market of Southern England, in late years a few moneyed men of Chichester and the neighbourhood had taken to buying up the corn of the rich coastlands, lodging it in granaries which they had built near the Crook, and after milling it exported it by sea to London. So Chichester regained its old local supremacy as a corn market, a position which it had enjoyed in Roman times. In spite of the loss to Farnham, Defoe approved of the change: "If the Market at London is supply'd, the coming by Sea from Chichester is every jot as much a publick good." A rapid alteration in the outward aspect of the city followed this new accession of wealth, as a result of which Chichester became, and remains for the most part, a Georgian town. Fortunately, there was at hand a chronicler in the person of James Spershott, a Baptist Minister, who was acute enough to realise that in his lifetime—he was born in 1710 and died in 1789—he was witnessing a revolution in the life of the city and that it was worth setting on record the changes which he had seen. His Memoirs have been published by the Sussex Archaeological Society (Vols. xix and xx), but they would be worth re-printing in more accessible form.

"When I was young," he begins, "the City had a very mean appearance. . . . The Buildings were in general very low, very old, and their fronts frayed with Timber which lay bare to the weather." Very few houses, and those only recently built, had fronts of brick, and he instances as one of the first the house at the south-east corner of the Cross, built in 1709: it still stands with that date and the initials J/S set in a panel. In North Street and East Street there were only six or seven houses with sash windows; in West Street there were none. Westgate House, which he calls "the Best House in the City," built just too soon for the new fashion, "had only Transoms windows." As to the lanes off the four principal streets, these had "but few Houses and bad ones." Little London, which runs northward off East Street, had been changed into a "gay" street of Georgian houses in his time. It is still very charming.

Spershott goes on to describe the changes in manners and social life. He remembered the days when "excepting the Bishop's there were no more than three Coaches, no Post Chaise. . . . No Road waggon to London.



2.—DOORWAY AND IRONWORK OF PALLANT HOUSE.

Also called Dodo House after the two birds, intended to be ostriches

Goods then being carried to and from London by Pack Horses." "Drinking to Excess was the reigning vice." "The Corporation were always a respectable Body," but "it was not uncommon with some Farmers when they came to Market to get drunk and stay two or three Days, till their wives came to fetch them Home." The favourite sports were bull-baiting, wrestling, cudgelling, footballing in the streets "day after day in frosty weather, to the advantage of the Glazier," cock fighting, dog fighting, badger baiting, and on Shrove Tuesday "cock scailing" in the cathedral cemetery, or, as Spershott calls it, "the high Church lighten." A new generation had given up the barbarous sport of throwing scales at tethered birds; it had also become more temperate and less corpulent: as a young man Spershott could remember 20 or 30 men and women "Prodigious that like other animals thoroughly fattened, they could hardly move about." He also has interesting observations on the changes of fashion in furniture. Solid pieces of English oak gave way to tables and chests of drawers of Norway oak "called wainscot," while "with the higher sort" walnut veneering was "Esteem'd for its Beauty above anything Else," and the cabinet-makers began to make "walnuttree Chairs with French Legs."

The architectural revolution which Spershott witnessed really began with the rebuilding of the Deanery in 1725, followed six years later by the erection of the Council House. During the next fifty years, indeed up to the end of the century, new building must have been proceeding on all hands; yet practically nothing is known of the men who carried it out. Last week we saw that the Council House, under the ægis of the Duke of Richmond, was designed by Roger Morris. Morris, however, was not a local man; he held the post of Carpenter and Engineer to the Ordnance Office. A Chichester carpenter Thomas Steel, junior, in 1734 contracted to rebuild Shillinglee House, Lord Winterton's home (COUNTRY LIFE, Vol. lxxx, p. 142). His west front of red brick with stone dressings is characterised by keystones over the windows, rusticated quoins and a high parapet treated as a dummy attic storey. Doubtless, there is work by him and possibly by his father (if he, too, was a builder) in Chichester, and the fact that, like so many provincial architects, he was a carpenter by trade suggests that he may have been responsible for some of the splendid Early Georgian staircases in the city. A namesake, probably a relative, was Recorder of Chichester from 1746 to 1775, and his son represented the city in Parliament at the end of the century. Further research should bring to light the names of other Chichester builders.

In the two previous articles North Street and West Street have been described with some of the lanes leading off them. There is not space to mention in detail the buildings in East Street and South Street. But the Pallant, lying in the south-east quadrant between them, insists on fuller treatment. The name is often assumed to be connected with the palatine jurisdiction which prevailed in this area, but in early records it appears as

Palenta and probably means no more than an enclosed or paled space. This was the pale or quarter of the Archbishops of Canterbury, who had exclusive authority over it, and it has its own little church, All Saints in the Pallant. The separate character of the Pallant is still evident to-day. Its plan seems to reproduce the plan of the city in miniature, and there was once a cross, demolished in 1713, where the four streets—North, South, East and West Pallant—meet. All four contain fine Georgian houses. To use a term now

sequence of its houses on its south side (Fig. 1), built on a curving frontage and dominated by the imposing three-storeyed house seen in the centre of the photograph. But the finest house stands at the corner of the East and North Pallants, with its front to the latter (Fig. 3). This is the Pallant House, often called Dodo House from the pair of strange fowls perched on its gate-piers and intended by their carver to be ostriches (Fig. 2). The distinction of this early 18th-century building, as in the case of Westgate House, has led

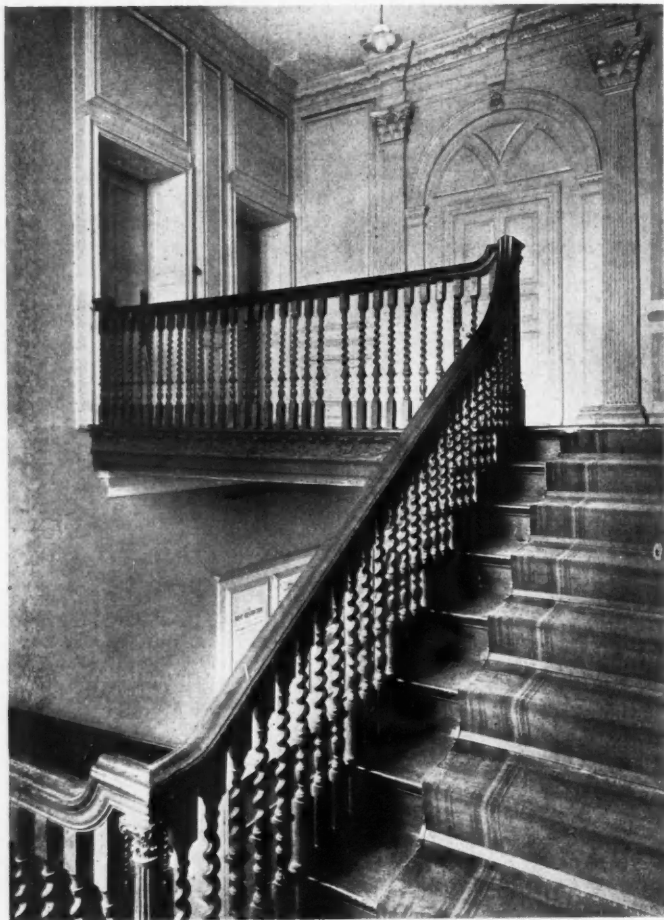


3.—PALLANT OR DODO HOUSE (circa 1712), "DISTINGUISHED BY BRICKWORK OF EXTRAORDINARY REFINEMENT"

much in vogue, the Pallant is a secluded "precinct," as is St. Martin's Square (Fig. 8) in the north-east quarter, and in the eighteenth century it became perhaps the most select residential area in the city: a *Guide* of 1831 calls it "this quiet and genteel spot." It could be a residential precinct again, and it seems a pity that so many of its houses are now serving as offices.

Owing to the presence of air raid shelters it has been impossible to photograph the West Pallant, the broadest of the four streets, which has a fine house (No. 12) on the south side. North Pallant, a mere lane debouching into East Street, has several interesting Georgian doorways to its 18th-century fronts. The East Pallant is remarkable for the

to its attribution to Wren, but the probability is that it was the work of a local man, possibly Thomas Steel, senior. It was built by Henry Peckham, a Chichester merchant, who was known as "Lisbon Peckham" on account of his interests in the wine trade. Hay, in his *History of Chichester*, states that it was erected about the year 1712, a date which is supported by the fact that in the following year Peckham obtained permission to demolish the cross near by. On the roof a tower-like structure was raised later, it is said, as a belvedere, to allow the owner to look out at his shipping in Chichester harbour. This fine house, for some years now, has been the offices of the Chichester Rural District Council.



4.—THE STAIRCASE IN PALLANT HOUSE



5.—A LATE 18th-CENTURY STAIRCASE: AT THE SHIP HOTEL

The front is not only beautifully proportioned, but is distinguished by brickwork of extraordinary refinement. Brick is used for all the dressings—quoins, keystones and cornice—and over the window frames cut brickwork is used to give a delicately undulating outline, and the keystones are carved with national emblems, including the rose, oak, thistle, harp and fleur-de-lis. Further distinction is added by the charming wrought ironwork of the railings and overthrow lining the brick piers; Henry Peckham's monogram is worked into the overthrow, and his crest, an ostrich proper, is doubly emphasised, if not altogether unequivocally, by the two ambiguous-looking birds. The handsome wood doorcase, with its Corinthian pilasters and carved pediment, has the height, indeed the *hauteur* suitable to the dignity of the whole façade.

The interior of the house retains some contemporary panelling and a magnificent staircase. It is remarkable for the elaboration of its members. Each stair-end is carved with a design of foliage and the moulded capping of each stair is carried back under the next riser, beneath which is a carved bracket the outline of which is continued across the whole width of the stair (Fig. 6). Fig. 4 shows some of the contemporary panelling at the upper-landing level. Many Chichester houses contain fine Georgian staircases. There is another in the house immediately to the north of Pallant House, a building which stands on a 15th-century vaulted cellar. In the Deanery is a further notable example. The staircase in the City Council offices in North Street, with its fine mahogany inlay, was illustrated a fortnight ago. An interesting contrast is the later but not less



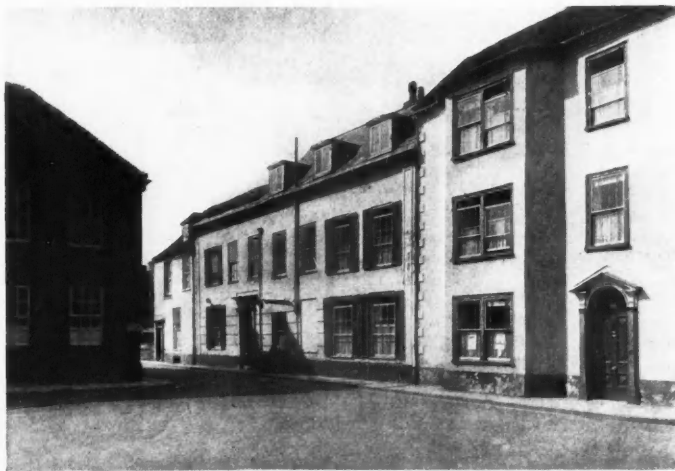
6.—DETAIL OF THE STAIRCASE IN PALLANT HOUSE

remarkable staircase in the Ship Hotel (Fig. 5), which shows that the tradition continued to the end of the century, although by that time metal balustrades had replaced oak and mahogany joinery. It goes up the full three storeys of the building, and at the first-floor landing there is an arcade with delicate Adamesque ornament. The house was built on the site of an old one by Admiral Sir George Murray (1789-1819), who commanded the leading ship in Nelson's squadron in the Battle of Copenhagen. The conversion of the house into a hotel just before the war was carried out for the proprietors by the late Mr. Henry Osborn, who carefully respected its architectural character in the alterations and additions to it then made.

In perambulating Chichester attention has several times been called to the designs of the Georgian doorways. A characteristic example with fanlight and pediment is seen on the right of Fig. 4, illustrating the west side of St. Martin's Square. Fig. 11 shows a happily married couple of similar breeding between two shops on the west side of North Street, and in Fig. 7, higher up the street on the same side, there is another plainer example, where one broad pediment shelters both openings. The adjoining house in the same photograph has a charming bay window, with ogee-headed windows, protruding over the entrance. These bays and bows, it has already been remarked, are a feature of Chichester, and in Fig. 10 a further example, from South Street, is shown. If the "hood" on which it is carried looks



7.—HOUSES ON THE WEST SIDE OF NORTH STREET



8.—IN ST. MARTIN'S SQUARE : HOUSES ON THE WEST SIDE

rather clumsy, the bow with its elegant ironwork is charming, and the house itself is carried out in a technique of coursed pebbles which is peculiar to the South Coast. The double flight of steps with its iron railing is another pleasant feature. The principal Regency development took place east of the Pallant, in what is called New Town, which has a Georgian church, St. John's, designed by James Elmes.

Looking into the future, how should Chichester be treated so as to preserve both its historic character and its remarkable architectural distinction as country town as well as cathedral city, and at the same time to make provision for modern traffic needs? The solution to the traffic problem is not to widen the four main streets, which could only be done by sacrificing much that is best in Chichester, but by providing, as has been proposed, a ring road outside the walls, though taking care to carry it well beyond the meadows, which provide such a lovely view of



9.—THE BACKS OF HOUSES IN THE EAST PALLANT

the cathedral and walled close from the south-west. Within the walls, the ideal should be a maintenance of the *status quo*, any rebuilding of business premises to be strictly controlled so as to preserve the scale and character set by the Georgian builders. In the four quadrants there are many lovely private gardens with fine old trees: the ilex, in particular, seems to flourish in Chichester. These gardens belong to the old houses in the residential precincts, which should remain (or

attractions are its gardens and it will be a tragedy if these are to be whittled away in the interests of business.

These and other problems will engage the attention of Mr. Thomas Sharp, who has recently been appointed to draw up a plan and report for the city. The good judgment and conservative spirit displayed in new developments before the war encourage one to hope for a continuance of the same enlightened policy in the years ahead.

again become) residential. Fig. 9 shows the backs of some of the houses in the East Pallant and on the right the twin Georgian bows of East Pallant House. Between it and the wall stands Cawley Priory in a large garden, which has been purchased by the Corporation. There is a proposal that East Pallant House should be acquired for a car park and bus station, a site for which is urgently needed, but it is, to say the least, questionable whether a bus station should be allowed within the walls. One of the city's greatest



10.—A REGENCY FRONT IN SOUTH STREET



11.—COUPLED DOORWAYS IN NORTH STREET (Nos. 23 and 24)



12.—A 20th-CENTURY GEORGIAN ELEVATION IN EAST STREET

ALEXANDER COZENS

By DENYS SUTTON

BRITISH art has nearly always enjoyed the status of a Cinderella among historical studies in this country. Our connoisseurs and historians are as learned and perspicacious as those of other countries, but more often than not they have preferred to turn their attention to the wider ranges of European art, and to those of France and Italy in particular, since they provide a profounder and more rewarding source of aesthetic enjoyment. Yet, for all that, the study of our native school is of absorbing interest. It is one which should receive greater attention in schools and universities than it does at present. It is rich in curious characters, is not without its surprises and lends itself readily to historical treatment. In the great periods of our civilisation, indeed, the relations between the painter and the society of his time have been intimate: the study of the one illuminates the other. It would be as difficult to understand the intellectual atmosphere of the eighteenth century without taking Sir Joshua Reynolds into account as it would be to consider it without Dr. Johnson or Hume.

Of all the phases of our art that require attention, few would prove so popular and topical as a critical and historical account of Romantic painting. To-day, Romantic painting is very much the vogue; its influence on the style of many of the younger school is apparent, even a little too apparent. In literature, of course, the field is charted, the details are known. But we hardly know where we are with Romantic painting. The material for such a study exists in the paintings themselves, in half-forgotten books, in scattered articles. But the relevant items need to be set in their perspective: they demand the action of some master-hand to compress them into a synthesis, in which the complementary movements on the Continent would naturally have to be studied.

The exhibition of the works of Alexander Cozens (?1717-1786), which is now on view at the Tate Gallery, is to be welcomed as a pointer in the right direction. Until recently, Cozens was remembered chiefly for two reasons; first on account of the mystery surrounding his birth (he was mistakenly believed to be a natural son of Peter the Great), and secondly as the father of a more famous son, J. R. Cozens. Towards the end of the last century, however, his work began to excite the admiration of a limited circle of amateurs, and the credit for his re-discovery must go to Herbert Horne, the connoisseur and author of a well-known volume on Botticelli.

In his own time, Cozens was principally considered as a teacher and a theorist. As a drawing master at Eton and at Bath, and as "Instructor in Drawing to the Young Princes," he was in a position to form and guide the tastes of many who were to be the patrons and collectors of the future. By all accounts, he appears to have been a gentle and dreamy sort of man: he was certainly popular among his pupils. They even seem to have taken his teaching to heart. On the occasion of a notice on one of his paintings in a London newspaper,

a former pupil addressed a letter to the paper, recalling how Cozens, when teaching at Eton, had always been at pains to differentiate between beauty, greatness and sublimity.

The touch is characteristic of the century and of the man. He loved systems. He was always full of theories and plans. He might almost have stepped out of the pages of *Headlong Hall*. "Cozens is here," wrote William Beckford from Fonthill on one occasion, "very happy, very solitary and almost as full of systems as the Universe." Already, when a young man in Rome, Cozens had begun his search for the principles underlying drawing and composition. His efforts were not in vain. In 1771 he published a manual on the correct manner of drawing the structure of trees, and another, in 1778, *The Principles of Beauty relative to the Human Head*. His most considerable contribution to theory was contained, however, in his *New Method of Assisting the Invention in the Composition of Landscape* (1785), which explained his celebrated method of "blotting." He had found, from practical experience as a teacher, that his pupils were inclined to waste too much time on copying details from prints or from Nature and thus failed to present their own ideas. One day he discovered by accident that it was possible to

turn a stain, which he had made on a piece of drawing-paper, into a landscape. The next stage in his method was to make a stain or blot in blacker ink and then use it as a basis for tracing by means of a frame or transparent varnished paper. In the third and final stage, a sky could be added and the forms more fully worked up with light and shadow. Thus, from the accidental and the spontaneous, he evolved a means by which the first impression could be transferred to paper, without any diminution of its power by a superabundance of details.

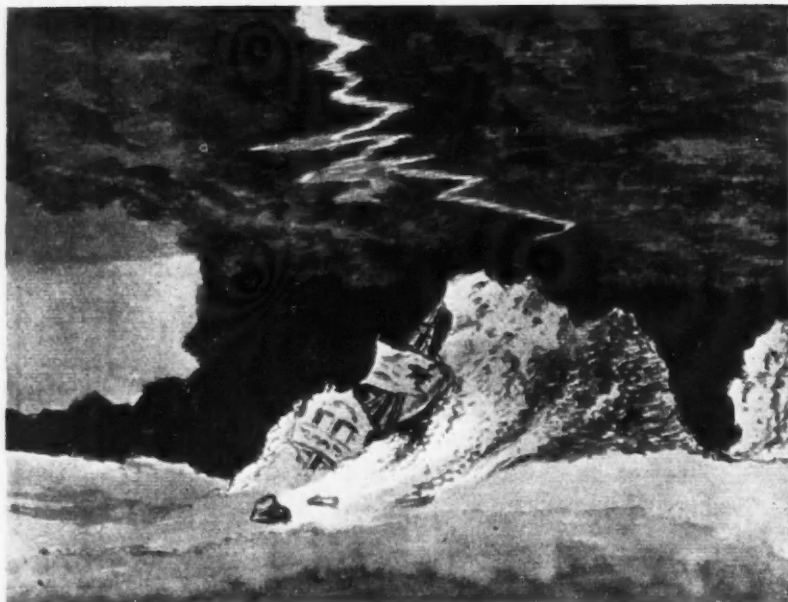
Though this method was exploited to excess by his pupils and less talented followers, it enabled Cozens to draw with a surprising sharpness and spontaneity of effect. Many of his drawings, which are mainly in a monochrome medium, are classical landscapes of a conventional type, but in his more personal works, for example in his vivid notations of Nature, done from memory, his particular precision and verve are apparent. "You are the human being," William Beckford once wrote to him, "to whom I have discovered the strangeness of my fancies: for you can feel as well as myself the melancholy pleasures of wandering along in the Dusk. . . ."

Just this quality of "melancholy pleasure" infuses many of Cozens's drawings, which seem to gather strength from desolation and remoteness. He was at home in the rich and variegated structure of his *Rocky Landscape with Lion*, or in *Dead Trees*, which points the way to the work of Mr. Graham Sutherland. He was essentially subjective, touched with the same strange intensity as were the "Gothic" novel, *Valhek*, and *Kubla Khan*. He brooded over the mountain tops, the crags and the passes and found a profound experience in the sublimity of Nature. He took the neat topographical drawing of his contemporaries and gave it passionate content. In his finest drawings, such as his sketch *Tigers*, he rendered the internal image of his subject with a linear intensity and sweep that recall both the form of Chinese art, and his own contact with the Orient when he was a boy in Russia. He realised that to draw well was to express a passionate experience in line, with immediacy, without hesitation. He understood, as Mr. Paul Oppé writes in his important prefatory essay to the catalogue, that "the virtue of a picture does not depend on the interest of its subject or the workmanship shown in its details but on the possession of a central idea both definitively in its form and emotionally in its content."

As an artist, as a teacher, Cozens sought simplicity; as he himself said, "that unity of character which is the simplicity." His attempts to do so may have earned him the ironic title of "Blot master to the Town," but his position in late eighteenth-century art is secure. His freshness of approach, no less than the implications of his technique, had their effect; and later painters such as Romsey, Wright, of Derby, and his son, J. R. Cozens, are indebted to him. He helped to condition sensibility. Clearly and unmistakably, he pointed the way to the dawn of Romanticism, to Constable and to Turner.



ALEXANDER COZENS'S *DEAD TREES*. BROWN WASH ON TONED PAPER. 6½ ins. by 7¾ ins.



A *SHIPWRECK*, ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF COZENS'S WORK. GREY AND BLACK WASHES ON TONED PAPER. 5½ ins. by 7½ ins.

THIN SKINS AND THICK

By J. D. U. WARD

FOR some time American appreciation of frogs' legs as a delicacy has caused concern about the future of Cuba's frog population. Now there is talk of an American plan to develop a frog-skin industry in the belief that it may be possible to export frog skins, which would be suitable for the linings of handbags, slippers and similar objects.

The idea will be novel to most people, but man has made much use of the skins of fish and reptiles, so why not of the amphibia that come between? A few years before the war the demand for reptile skins was having, according to the Popular Press, "repercussions" in parts of West Africa, India and Java. It was suggested that the decline of predacious snakes and lizards, following the demand for skins (which were being used for men's ties as well as for feminine articles), was the cause of a most welcome increase in rodents and insects.

The use of various fish skins in Germany during the war was doubtless enforced by necessity, but shark-skin boots were being made more than ten years ago, and feminine vanity or a desire for novelty was obviously behind a New Zealand scheme for the production of eel-skin gloves for women. In past times eel-skins often had a more strenuous role where was one or two other special kinds of skin, such as that taken from the underside of a horse's tail, they formed the link between the two parts of a flail. There was also a belief in parts of East Anglia that belts and garters of eel-skin were good for rheumatism.

Next to fish, amphibia and reptiles come birds. Long before the war chicken-skin was said to rank as leather in Japan, and the birds were calculated to yield an average of 0.7 of a square foot each. But even then chicken skin was not exactly a new raw material, for it was used by 18th-century fan-makers:

*Chicken-skin, delicate, white,
Painted by Carlo Vanloo,
Loves in a riot of light,
Roses and vaporous blue,
Hark to the dainty frou-frou!
Picture above if you can,
Eyes that would melt as the dew,
This was the Pompadour's fan!*

Large quantities of ostrich skins were used in Britain, France and the U.S.A. to make fancy leather goods between the two world wars. In 1939 ostrich skins were said to be fetching twenty-five shillings each, and it was reported that more than 500,000 ostriches had been killed within a few years. The reason for this wholesale slaughter was that ostrich feathers were out of fashion, and ostrich farmers could find no better market. Now Her Majesty the Queen wears ostrich feathers and they are back in fashion. Ostrich farmers are not killing feather-producing birds for their twenty-five shilling skins!

The recent war years brought at least one remarkable development in the use of bird skins at home. Before the war we used to import Polish goose skins to make powder-puffs. When Poland was overrun, French goose skins, and even Italian (despite their coarser down), were employed. Then those supplies failed, and within the last twelve months an article in the official journal of the Ministry of Agriculture suggested that fifteen shillings each might be regarded as a fair price for home-produced goose skins suitable for making powder-puffs. After skinning, the rest of the birds could of course be eaten.

Though this field would appear to be sunny with possibilities, it is put in the shade by an advertisement which appeared in the Personal columns of a London newspaper about two years ago:—"Five White Swan's Down Skins for sale, cured, very good condition, approximately 1,000 sq. in.; useful for powder-puffs; best offer over £70." With the chance of such prices, it is surely wonderful that there is a swan alive in the country. But money can be lost as well as made in the powder-puff world. In 1945 a man was sent to prison for two years and

ordered to pay fines totaling £24,074 for offences connected with the manufacture and sale of powder-puffs made from sheep skins.

Even when allowance is made for feminine vanity the general picture presented by these modern uses of frog skins, lizard skins, snake skins, bird skins and eel skins is one of a world skin shortage. True, indeed! On November 4, 1946, there was news from Australia that the Commonwealth Government had banned the export of leather "because of the acute scarcity of boots and shoes throughout Australia," and on November 6, British delegates were reported to have told French delegates that Britain would be glad to have from France both calf skins and rabbit skins.

The value of rabbit skins is now such that Australia's exports between December, 1945, and August, 1946, were worth nearly £6,000,000, and there have been reports of rabbiters earning over £20 a day, although it is possible that this latter figure is exaggerated. Incidentally, in Australia, about ten years ago, there was a bounty of 7s. 6d. each, not on the skins but on the scalps of wild dogs, which were a pest. One area which, in 1936, yielded 602 scalps, produced 945 the next year, and in 1938 about 2,000. It then transpired that wild dogs were being bred for the bounty.

A long list might be made of the curious uses of skins, past and present. Seal skins to ward off lightning, calf skins to make vellum, goat skins for parchment, donkey skins for big drums, mule skins for blacksmiths' aprons and badger skins for pistol holsters. Early in the war one gamekeepers' paper carried an advertisement for badger skins, and enquiry produced the reply that the skins were required to make sporrans for Highland regiments. Another enquiry, a few years before, about the reason for an advertisement for hedgehog skins elicited this answer:—

"Dear Sir,—Hedgehog skins make excellent linings for pants, vests, bedroom slippers, etc. They also make wonderful hair brushes and lawn sweepers."

So that was that. But it seems a little odd that, whereas our fathers in an age of relative scarcity would say of a mean person that he would skin a mouse for its hide and tallow, we, in an age of relative plenty, with problems of production solved except for temporary shortages caused by the war, think fit to use the skins of eels and frogs. There may be a temporary need, but perhaps, after all, vanity is most often the explanation, and we may yet see wonderful things made from the skins of tropical fish.

THE REVIVAL OF RACKETS

By JOHN BOARD

IT has been refreshing and encouraging to observe the strong revival of our traditional court games so quickly after the war. Thus already we have had another Open Rackets Championship and by next spring there will again have been decided the fate of the World's Championship, held by our W. S.



J. H. PAWLE (left) AND JIM DEAR BEFORE THEIR MATCH

Milford since the title became vacant through the lamented death of Charles Williams, of Harrow and latterly of Chicago. Milford had beaten Norbert Setzler by 7 games to 2 in matches played in New York and at Queen's in 1937. Milford was also the holder of our own Open Championship from 1936 until 1946, but unfortunately his Achilles tendon "went" during last year's championships and he resigned his titles. It is good to learn that he is now fit again, and playing regularly with no diminished skill. (Incidentally he and Sir William Hart Dyke are the only amateurs who have ever held the title of world's champion). Milford's accident laid open both the British and World's Open Championships.

As the most equitable means of arriving at a solution it was decided that Jim Dear of

Queen's, our professional champion, should play the reigning amateur champion, J. H. Pawle; that the winner of this match should meet P. Kershaw, who was still serving in the Forces at the time of the Amateur Championship and so unable to defend the title he won in 1939; and that the eventual winner should then meet the American Open Champion for the world's title. In the event Dear had no great difficulty in beating, first John Pawle, in the Rugby and Queen's Courts, 4-2, 4-1 and, later, at Manchester and Queen's, Kershaw by 4-0, 4-1. The American Championship between R. Grant and K. Chandler has been put off until January 27, and presumably the World Championship will not take place within a week of that date.

Pawle is undoubtedly our leading exponent of perfect rackets style, but lacks just that extra "devil" and endurance that make champions in the top class. Kershaw has both these qualities, without the classic finish to his game, and despite the scores, he gave Dear the harder match. I do not consider Dear to be in the class of Peter Latham, Jock Soutar or Charles Williams, or even of Jamsetji, the Parsee who won the world's title in 1903. The first three named, however, were really exceptional, illustrious exceptions, and Dear has undoubtedly improved in his two championship matches by definitely one class. It remains to be seen whether he can hold his own in the American courts and with American balls, both rather slower than ours, but I favour his chances, especially as he will be travelling with an amateur British team who are taking this occasion to "show the flag" in the U.S.

This team, consisting of C. S. Crawley, J. H. Pawle, I. Akers Douglas, Major R. Taylor, R. A. Holt and K. Wagg, together with Dear, arrived in New York early in the New Year. Among their engagements were the Chicago tournament, already concluded with British success, the Canadian Singles and Doubles Championships at Montreal and the Tuxedo tournament towards the end of the month.

Dear will meet Grant or Chandler in the Court of the Tennis and Rackets Club in New York. An International match will be played, also in New York, on January 31 and on February 1. Subsequently our team will take part in the U.S. Doubles Championship at Philadelphia and in the Singles Championship in New York. Finally, the team, including Dear, will be competing in the Pell Cup Singles in New

York. This event alone is open to both amateurs and professionals. The second half of the World's Championship will be played in London in the spring. This is a most enterprising and commendable undertaking and the progress of our players will be watched with great interest.

Dear is extraordinarily quick of eye and foot, has developed a severe service in both courts, gripping the ball on the gut with great power and accuracy of length; his return is remarkable in any class and he is an exceptionally good taker of service. The one fault he must guard against is a tendency to relax when in the lead. This is fatal to aspiring champions. Physically, he is strong enough for anything, very fit indeed, and, surrounded by friends, his morale should remain high.

The first sign of a quick recovery in the game was the "Victory" tournament at Queen's early last year, made possible by the enthusiasm and energy of Col. Renny and the co-operation of Queen's. Then came the Public Schools championship in which the form was at least up to average. Most appropriately this was won, for the sixth time, by Wellington in the last year of Walter Hawes's long service to the

school. Walter is one of the greatest coaches that has ever lived, has been not only mentor, but friend, to many generations of Wellingtonians and, indeed, to all rackets players. Pawle won the amateur championship, later, giving a lovely display of polished rackets, and went on to win the doubles championship in partnership with C. S. Crawley. The importance of rackets can hardly be exaggerated, for the principles of the game are the basis of all ball games, particularly of polo and golf, two games seemingly widely separated. The essence is, not only quickness, co-ordination of hand and eye and the supported head of the racket itself, but, especially, balance on the feet and the transference of weight at the right moment. Fortunately, despite all difficulties in supply and expense, the game continues to go strongly in the schools, where in many cases there are more boys playing than ever before, and at the Universities.

Rackets, now recognised as a game of essentially classic performance, is a game of disreputable beginnings, since the first reliable record of its practice is in the Fleet prison.

How different from the sister-game tennis, the pastime of kings and of immemorial antiquity and prestige! Tennis, also, it is

good to record, is again progressing well and gathering new adherents every month. The Universities, nurseries of the game in England, are doing well and the Oxford Club in Merton Street, recently threatened with extinction, has now more members than ever before in its long history. At the end of the eighteenth century there were far too many courts in existence for the number of players. All too many have disappeared (and, alas! I hear of a proposal to put the Prince's Court at Brighton, damaged during the war, to use as a garage) so that nowadays there are hardly enough courts in use to accommodate the number who wish to play. The Lord's and Queen's Courts are in constant demand. The Royal Court, at Hampton Court, the most historic of all, has made a great recovery, and, what is most important of all, young players are constantly turning to the royal game. Manchester, home of Edgar Baines, ever famous, and of our reigning amateur champion, Lowther Lees, is going strong as ever. Canford School, the only school in England, to possess a court, fulfils the valuable function of "catching them young." Clearly then, our great court games are in no danger of extinction.

DECEIVERS EVER A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

STORIES of Ben Sayers and Andrew Kirkaldy are now somewhat musty, since a modern generation knows those two redoubtable warriors only by name, and certainly never saw them play against one another. However, a kind correspondent lately told me in a letter a story of them which was at any rate new to me and seemed so pleasant and so typical that I will venture to pass it on. It was told to my correspondent by Ben himself. He and Andrew were playing a money match over St. Andrews and North Berwick, and Ben's account of the first half was that he was lucky to get away from St. Andrews "with my ain skin and only one hole down." At North Berwick, he stood one up and two to play in the last round and it is at this crucial moment that the story begins.

Ben was a few yards ahead from the tee since, as he admitted with remarkable candour, Andrew's ball had been stopped by a mound. The second shot was then naturally longer than to-day, and the sandy road at the foot of the little cliff before the green was a more formidable hazard, full of unraked ruts and hoof-marks. Ben at once called loudly to his caddy for the brassie and then stood looking up into the sky the picture of innocence. Andrew first demanded his brassie, too; then looking at Ben and the club in his hand, he flung down the brassie and took a spoon. The ball was hit straight and high; it was caught by the wind at the top of the cliff and came plump down into the hazard. Ben, as the narrator describes him, "trying to look like a seraph," then played a full brassie shot and the ball safely surmounted all obstacles and vanished, to end obviously near the hole. Andrew in his wrath spat on the ground and then addressed his opponent in these memorable words: "Ben Sayers, I always kened ye were a (here stars and asterisks must represent his expressions), but I never kened ye were such a (stars and asterisks again) as to take the club ye'd asked for."

* * *

Ben seems to have brought off the double bluff which, if I remember aright, gave victory to the successful General in General Swinton's story, *The Green Curve*. But golf must indeed be a complicated game of manoeuvre if we believe that any club our opponent first takes in his hand is meant to lead us to destruction, and that he will inevitably change it when he comes to play the shot. It reminds me of the scene in *Guy Mannering* when Dandie Dinmont is setting out across a country with an evil reputation for robbers, and Meg Merrilies gives him some canny advice: "Tib Mumps will out wi' the stirrup-dram in a gliffing. She'll ask ye whether ye gang ower Willie's brae, or through Consowthart-moss—tell her only ane ye like; but be sure and tak tha ane ye dinna tell her."

I think we must be more guleless than those of an earlier generation for we never seem to

hear of such ingenious artifices nowadays, as we do in the older literature of the game. Allan Robertson, admittedly a "cunning wee bit body," was said to pretend to press when he was really sparing a shot and so lure his adversary into trouble, and I came across an instance the other day in the memories of the Rev. J. G. McPherson. He tells how "a brilliant amateur" (I suspect it was himself) was playing a "rather tricky" professional at St. Andrews; they were all square with two to play and were playing the left-hand course so that the 17th hole was close beside the Burn, which was, moreover, in flood. The amateur was contemplating a cleek for his second when the professional said to his caddie in clear tones "See ma lang spune, laddie!"

LONDON LAMPS

LIKE little harvest moons, their yellow gleam
Silvered by dusk, the London lights again
Are shining. Drenched in ease the wounded
buildings dream
Their scars forgetting, quiet after pain.

Moon after little moon, the darkness holding
In mellow glow, beckons the distance near.
Now night, with strong and secret hands, is
moulding
The spectral masses of her mystic sphere.

What is the harvest ripening in the glow
Of London's lamp-moons? "Peace" the grasses sigh,
Bruised from day's passage. "Harmony" sing low
The hidden trees. "Work" the houses cry.

And now, while night-winds wail their mournful
presage,
"Bitter must be the yield from bitter roots,"
The golden heart of London booms its message—
"The harvest yields not one but many fruits,
"Some bitter and some sweet, and some unknown,
"For none could count or name what seeds were
sown."

GLADYS ECHLIN.

Thereupon "his unsuspecting antagonist changed his mind and took his long spoon and drove right into the Burn." The professional "smiled grimly," took his cleek and won the hole and match.

Mr. McPherson adds that the loser confessed himself properly punished for not using his own judgment and playing his own game, and that is no doubt the moral. We are likely to lose more than we gain by judging from even the most transparently innocent of adversaries.

Incidentally, an old friend of mine, now dead, whom I once beat in an Amateur Championship at Muirfield, used to boast to me with chuckling reminiscence how at one hole he had misled me by rather ostentatiously taking out

a mashie for the second shot. I remember the shot and the hole well; it was the old 12th, and I certainly did take my mashie, go into the cross bunker and lose the hole; but I always told him that he flattered himself and that I had merely gone into the bunker because I had mis-hit the ball. The argument can now, alas, be settled only on the asphodel, and anyhow I shall have the best of it in one respect: mine is the last word, if a crude one, for I won that match at the 16th.

Of course, we can sometimes learn from our enemy, but men hit such different distances and play such different shots with the same club, that to play our own game is the best policy. John Low used to play all manner of cut spoon shots up to the green, and would take that club where others would take an iron. Thereby he was apt quite innocently to mislead those who watched his example too closely. I think it is in *Concerning Golf* that he tells with glee the story of how he played just such a cut spoon shot up to the sixth green at Woking, whereupon the opponent also took a wooden club, "over-powered" the green, and went to perdition beyond it. Making an ugly face and biting his nails, he said, "You deceived me," whereupon John, like Mr. Mantalini, "laughed demnably."

* * *

There is one way in which we sometimes allow not our adversary but our own vanity to deceive us and then we deserve no sympathy at all. We have almost made up our mind to take wood to a one-shot hole when we see that the enemy has an iron in his hand. We know sufficiently well that our original resolution is the right one, and that he is a longer hitter with an iron than we are, and yet that insane vanity makes us change, and into the bunker we go. What truly nonsensical conduct! and there are a few of us who in our heart of hearts can deny that we have been guilty of it. The same demand of vanity may sometimes make us play a pitching club against some opponent who is a skilled pitcher when we know that for us the only shot is a safe but ignoble scuffle along the ground. That is playing into the enemy's hands indeed, but have we never done it?

I am, sad to say, past making good golf resolutions for the New Year, but if I could make one for somebody else it should be, I think, always when in doubt to take the bigger of two clubs. Never mind the other fellow if he asks for his "little baffy"; I had one friend, a very fine player, who was in this regard a master of understatement; his little baffy was a perfect bludgeon which weighed more and hit the ball much farther than most other people's brassies. Take the club that will get you up supposing you hit the ball, and remember that all your calculations are based on that flattering supposition, that you cannot do more than hit it and that sometimes, in fact very often, you do perceptibly less.

NEW CARS DESCRIBED

THE HILLMAN MINX

By J. EASON GIBSON

THE Hillman Minx has, over a period of years, been accepted by those members of the public who desire a car that is small and economical but nevertheless not too "austerity" in its equipment and finish. Apart from minor improvements it shows no change from its pre-war forerunner, but this similarity has doubtless considerably eased the production problems facing the large manufacturer to-day. The design is simple and straightforward throughout, economy in production, as well as in running, having evidently been borne in mind by the design staff.

The chassis is of normal channel section, but the foundation of the bodywork has been utilised as a strengthening medium to achieve greater rigidity. The suspension is by semi-elliptic springs all round, assisted by Luvax-Girling shock absorbers of the pressure recuperation type. The engine, which is basically the same as when the car was first produced, has been improved in certain ways and the power output thereby increased to 35 brake-horsepower. With this increase in power it has been possible to raise the axle ratio and thus to permit quieter and more effortless running at higher speeds. The standard of accessibility under the bonnet is good, the dip-stick and oil-filler being well placed. It would, I think, be improved with the more usual enlarged type of bonnet which opens from the side, in preference to the one which opens from the front, the entire bonnet and radiator grille assembly lifting as one. A good feature of the car is that the use of Silentbloc rubber bushes on the steering joints has eliminated ten points previously requiring greasing at regular intervals. The jacking system is by a screw type jack, which is fitted to the bumpers when required.

The bodywork offers much greater comfort than might be imagined from a casual inspection. The doors are wide for a car of this horse power, and the ease of entry and exit is rather surprising. The controls are well placed, the left hand falling naturally on to the gear lever when necessary. The hand brake is fitted between the two front seats, and appears to have advantages over the now commonly employed piston-type levers under the dash-board, which in some instances are awkward to reach and operate. The driver's seat is adjustable for leg-room and also for angle and height, which should enable a comfortable and efficient position to be secured by any driver. The windscreen opens out to a horizontal position, a point that can be of importance if one is driving in thick fog. Open cubby holes are provided at either end of the dash-board, and also handy pockets in both front doors. The vision from the driver's seat, both forward and back, is good, but I found the screen pillar width rather awkward on certain occasions. The upholstery is in a combination of cloth and leather, and although opinions are divided on this subject I personally found it pleasant in use, particularly in the semi-arctic conditions during my test.

The luggage space provided is of unusual capacity, measuring 36 by 18 by 30 inches. As the boot lid is hinged at the top and opens well up, the loading of luggage can be easily carried out. The internal body measurements are of interest for a car of this power, the distance from the rear floor to the roof being 46½ ins., while the measurement from the rear seat to the roof is 36½ ins. These are good figures for a car that must be regarded as a small one. From the rear of the driver's seat to the front edge of the back seat the distance varies from 61 to 15 ins., depending on the amount of adjustment used on the front seat. The width of each front seat is 18 ins., while the measurement from windscreen pillar to pillar is 36 ins. The doors, on which I have already remarked,



THE HILLMAN MINX FOUR-DOOR SALOON

are 28½ ins. wide to the front compartment and 25½ ins. to the rear.

Bearing in mind that the car is designed to suit a specific market (the low priced one) one might expect to discover certain deficiencies on commencing a rigorous test. However, the first impression is of the smoothness of the engine and of the ease with which it appears to do its work. As soon as I started off, and in traffic, it was clear that the gear ratios were well chosen. Under normal circumstances it is possible to start off on second gear, first being required only for re-starts on a gradient, or for severe hill-climbing in the region of 1 in 4. One cannot expect an outstanding performance from a car of only 1184 c.c. and developing only 35 b.h.p., but when the degree of comfort provided is considered the performance is adequate. It should, of course, also be borne in mind that on a car of this type economy of operation is usually of more importance than sheer performance. I endeavoured when testing to copy the conditions under which the car would probably be used, employing it to visit the office during peak traffic periods, and for family shopping and a trip into the country apart from a day spent on my usual proving ground to obtain the performance figures. No demand was made on it that it did not fulfil with apparent ease.

The petrol consumption over the entire test worked out at the good figure of 36 m.p.g., this being calculated on a total mileage of 400 miles under widely varying conditions.

HILLMAN MINX

Makers:

The Hillman Motor Car Co., Ltd., Coventry.

SPECIFICATION

Price	... £441 11s. 8d.	Final drive	Spiral bevel
Tax	... £12	Brakes	Bendix
Cubic cap.	1,184.5 c.c.	Suspension	Semi-elliptic
B: S	... 63 x 95 m.m.	Wheelbase	7 ft. 8 in.
Cylinders	Four	Track (front)	3 ft. 11½ in.
Valves	... Side by side	Track (rear)	4 ft. 0½ in.
B.H.P.	... 35	Overall length	12 ft. 11 in.
at	... 4,100 r.p.m.	Overall width	5 ft. 0½ in.
Carb.	... Solex down-draught	Overall height	5 ft. 2½ in.
Ignition	... Lucas coil	Ground clearance	6½ in.
Oil filter	... Suction gauze	Turning circle	34 ft. 6 in.
1st gear	... 18.63 to 1	Weight	18½ cwt.
2nd gear	... 12.90 to 1	Fuel cap.	7½ gallons
3rd gear	... 7.79 to 1	Oil cap.	7 pints
4th gear	... 5.22 to 1	Water cap.	2 gallons
Reverse	... 24.84 to 1	Tyre size	5.00 x 16

PERFORMANCE

Acceleration	... secs.	secs.	Max. timed speed:
10-30	Top 14.2	2nd 8.7	61.8 m.p.h.
20-40	Top 15.3	3rd 11.2	Petrol consumption 36
0-60	All gears 45.8		m.p.g. at average speed
			of 40 m.p.h.

BRAKES

20-0	... 16 ft.	84 per cent. efficiency on
30-0	... 36 ft.	dry concrete road.
40-0	... 64 ft.	

Although the timed speed may appear slow at first glance, it is adequate for a car of this type. In any case, cruising speed is of much greater importance, and the car settles down nicely at 40 to 45 m.p.h. The braking figures are well up to average, but as they are of Bendix type the efficiency when in reverse is greatly reduced, and more physical effort is required in stopping after reversing. Once this peculiarity has been noticed, however, it need not prove any handicap.

I found that the method of adjusting the driver's seat was a useful feature; it should be possible to cope with practically any size or type of driver. While I found the car all that the average buyer would require, it appeared to me that there was room for improvement

in the suspension. The car was comfortable at all speeds within its compass, but a certain amount of sway was noticeable at above 50 m.p.h., which reduced the accuracy of the steering. My own impression was that the rear track was slightly narrow for the body width or alternately that the rear springs were rather soft. There are, however, probably few purchasers of a car of this type and horse power who drive, except very rarely, above cruising speed.

Apart from its general interest, the motorist will find much new information in *Dunlop in War and Peace* by Sir Ronald Storrs (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.). Not only is the rise of the Dunlop organisation from small beginnings traced with accuracy, but the growth of the entire rubber, and allied industries, is most interestingly described. Mention is made of points not generally known—that the *Hevea Brasiliensis*, from which the rubber comes, grew originally in a wild state in the jungles of the Amazon, and that the personal efforts of Sir Henry Wickham in 1876 in conveying 70,000 seeds to the gardens at Kew was the start of the plantation rubber industry in Ceylon and Malaya. What was, in 1899, a small bicycle tyre business with a capital of £25,000 has now developed into a world-wide enterprise with a capital of £40,000,000 and an employed strength of 70,000. Among the war-time achievements described are the gigantic Wave Controllers, of over 700 tons, used so effectively in protecting Mulberry off the beaches of Normandy, and the suits so essential for the operations of the Landing Craft Obstruction Clearance Units—or as the public more descriptively called them, the Frogmen. The problems of the future are given their share. The constant pioneering effort that goes on in certain sections of the motor industry will undoubtedly mean more worries for Dunlop. For example, Oliver Bertram told me the other day that he has plans to attack the world's speed record with a jet-engined car in 1948, and that his target was 500 m.p.h.; the tyres for this job will be Dunlop, and they will be all the better for the experience that will go into their construction.

On his return from the U.S.A. recently, Sir William Rootes drew attention to the fact that Government circles appear to think of the motor industry in pre-war figures. He stressed that once the large resources of the U.S.A. are unleashed in foreign markets, our pre-war figure of about 500,000 cars will be puny, and that it is necessary for us to start building up to high production figures now; he mentioned one and a half million as a target. One has grown accustomed to regarding the motor industry as the third largest in the country but it cannot retain this ascendancy unless the proportion of cars to the population is increased noticeably. At present our figures are but one-fifth of those applicable in the U.S.A.

RABBIT WARRENS

By J. B. DROUGHT

IS it far fetched to describe rabbits as a paradox? A few years ago, before rationing began to give us headaches, many people listed them as vermin. To-day rabbits hold high place in popular regard. Even so, they remain, as ever, a menace to farmers, as well as to landowners who go in for selective planting. Before the war the annual damage debited to their account totalled £70,000 according to authoritative figures, despite the addition of cymag and cyanogas to older fashioned methods of extermination.

The plain truth is that the rabbit breeds too fast to be overtaken by mass murder, and being considerably less of a fool than it looks, becomes alive at a tender age to the several methods designed for its undoing. It is only by a combination of all recognised deterrents throughout the year, and not by a desultory employment of one or two alone, that a reasonable percentage of the population can be radically reduced. Even on estates where professional trappers are employed, it is not always to their advantage to exterminate the breed. They naturally go for the most remunerative beats, to the entire neglect of small farms, on which 10 or 15 couples a week would be the maximum haul, with the result that a pretty wide acreage is left with the breeding stock inviolate.

* * *

A point in the rabbit's favour is that it has always been a sporting asset to the humble rather than to the affluent shooter. And another consideration which in these days cannot be ignored is the food value. On small unkept shoots, where birds are scarce, rabbits prove themselves the "poor man's friend" in more senses than one. Even on large properties their value may not be despised, for a thousand or two put on the market go some way towards offsetting shooting overheads.

While rabbits must be exterminated as far as possible on good agricultural land and in plantations, it may be profitable to convert ground not otherwise of value into a regular warren. Perhaps I may say here that I am instancing a personal experiment on the Hampshire Downs, where a warren was constructed on the fringe of some first-class partridge ground without detriment to the cover for the birds and with considerable profit to the family exchequer. Whether a warren covers 100 acres or only a 10-acre field (ours was about 68 acres), the principle is the same; the natural food supply must be sufficient to maintain the residents in health. Such a "country club" is neither a difficult nor a costly proposition; in fact, on really suitable land a warren should come into being at little greater cost than that of enclosing it and sowing a certain amount of cultivation.

* * *

The best type of ground is that which affords plenty of natural cover, such as heather, gorse, and bracken, tender grass, and juniper. The healthier the land the less need for frequent re-arrangement of site. For example, a light soil from which water drains quickly is far more favourable to rabbit production than heavy ground, which holds the damp and is easily flooded; moreover, on ground above flood mark it is not necessary to incur expense for artificial drainage.

It follows that gently undulating land is the best, and it should be endowed fairly lavishly with shrubs and bushes, which probably can be transplanted at the appropriate season from other parts of the shoot. It is also quite a sound economic proposition to fence off two or three portions of a warren and sow there clover, beans, Jerusalem artichokes, and the like, the rabbits being temporarily excluded, and allowed in only when the crops have been garnered.

By changing the situations of these plots every year, fresh grazing ground is provided for the rabbits and if a certain amount of hay and fresh vegetable matter is thrown out in winter when food supplies are sparse, they thrive exceedingly. Swedes are sometimes advocated, but I think they are too conducive to internal complaints to be altogether desirable. As a

preventive against ground fouling, with its attendant risk of disease, the soil should occasionally be impregnated with lime.

The entire area must be carefully wired in, the wire being sunk to at least six inches and turned over at the top, for rabbits are almost as skilled in climbing as they are in mining engineering. It may also be advisable to surround the whole with one or more outside strands of heavy barbed wire, as a protection against cattle and sheep. The elimination of vermin is a very important point, and it is as well to take this in hand before any fresh rabbit stock is introduced. An intensive campaign, however, should soon dispose of the vermin, for pests are naturally more easily dealt with within an enclosed area than they are over a widely extended acreage.

The introduction of fresh blood annually is also essential, because of the danger—even the inevitability—of disease among rabbits so confined that they must go on inter-breeding. The numerical strength of the residents must also be carefully watched, for just as with game birds, where the rabbit population increases beyond the capacity of the area to support it, the spread of epidemics becomes unpreventable.

It follows, therefore, that in order to ensure a systematic reduction of stocks during autumn and winter, shooting must be conducted on carefully prepared lines rather than as a happy-go-lucky venture. The rabbits must be got out

of their burrows, and the best way to effect this is by blocking the holes with felt gun wads or rags soaked in tar and paraffin two or three days before a shoot. And it is most important to choose a fine spell for this operation, since the rabbits seem to regard the most nauseous taint as preferable to remaining out in inclement weather. For this reason it is best to repeat the "blocking-out" process at an interval of 48 hours in order to ensure that no burrow has been overlooked and that in consequence most of the stock is lying out in thick cover. Then shooting should take place as soon as possible, with a goodly array of beaters walking in line with the guns. Every foot of ground, every tuft of grass, and every bush and faggot must be carefully prodded, for the rabbits will lie very close, and it is most important for safety's sake that a strict line be kept.

The number of rabbits which can with safety be maintained upon a warren depends, of course, to a great extent on the nature of the soil and the natural food resources. Where both these conditions are favourable and rabbits are kept as a purely commercial undertaking, 70 or 80 to the acre should not mean overcrowding. For sport and profit combined, less than half that number would be sufficient, but even the marketing of 15 to 20 rabbits to the acre on, say, a 50-acre warren twice a year makes a welcome addition to the credit side of any shooting account.

THE STORY OF SOLPAX

THE general public is so regularly regaled with the reports of the sales of high-priced racehorses that it must have long ago come to the conclusion that the buyers at Messrs. Tattersall's sale ring in the Park Paddocks at Newmarket are either millionaires or Indian potentates.

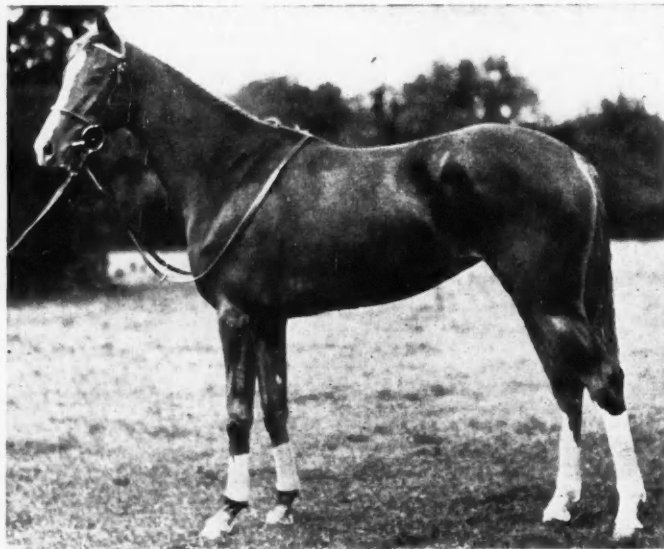
The bargain purchases that have made

sporting bookseller of North John Street, Liverpool, and for him won a small race of £100 as a two-year-old, before being passed on privately to Lord Glanely, in whose colours she ran once as a four-year-old, without success. Her racing career ended, she was retired to the paddocks and bred Grand Step, winner of £336 in stakes; Placid (£192) and Coldstream, which won seven races, including the Hopeful Stakes, the Queen Anne Stakes, the Beaufort Stakes, and the South Lancashire Handicap, of in all £4,495 before being sold for 85 guineas to Mr.—now Lieut.-Col.—W. J. Rowley, at the December Sales of 1928, when she was in foal to the Derby winner, Grand Parade.

Early in 1929 the foal, a filly, was born, and after being weaned and reared in a chicken-house by Mr. Rowley's daughter, was named Grand Peace and sold as a foal at the December Sales to Captain Goddard for £60 guineas. Captain Goddard kept her for a while, but then entered her at the First October Sales, when as a yearling—and the last but one listed in the catalogue—she was purchased by Lord Glanely for 100 guineas.

For this astute breeder, who always regretted that he had parted with her dam, Grand Peace carried the "black, red, white and blue hoop" livery to success in a Maiden Stakes at Lingfield, and in the Princess Mary Stakes at Doncaster, as a two-year-old, and then, after an unsuccessful second season, was retired to the paddocks with £1,346 in prize-money to her credit.

This record was, in itself, a satisfactory interest upon her cost, but more was to come, for she became the dam of Path of Peace, which won three races, including the Girton Handicap of £1,099; of Olein, which earned brackets in the Haverhill Stakes at Newmarket, the Coronation



R. Anscorb

SOLPAX—A CHESTNUT FILLY BY HYPERION FROM GRAND PEACE

fortunes for someone or other become later on in life either completely overlooked or conveniently forgotten.

It is for this reason that the story of Solpax, which, without a doubt, was one of the best of the English-bred two-year-old fillies of last year, is of more than usual interest.

The "Guide-Books" tell us that she was bred and is owned by Lord Portal, is trained by Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort at Freemason Lodge in Newmarket, and is by the Derby and St. Leger winner, Hyperion, from Grand Peace, she by the Derby winner, Grand Parade, from a mare called Placidia.

The last-named, which was of distinctly plebeian origin, was bred by Mr. Potter, the

Stakes at Ascot, the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood and the Nassau Stakes at Goodwood, of in all £8,502 5s., and of Perfect Peace, which won three races to the total value of £708 15s., including the Cheveley Park Stakes, besides running second to Sun Chariot in the One Thousand Guineas.

At this point there is an interval in the story caused by Lord Glanely's death through enemy action while undergoing a rest cure at Weston-super-Mare.

Looking back over what has been written it will be seen that in return for the 200 guineas

that Lord Glanely expended on the chicken-house-reared filly, he received through her winnings and those of her daughters £11,656; furthermore, in 1942, at the sale of bloodstock that followed his death, Grand Peace was sold to Lord Portal for 5,700 guineas; Path of Peace made 5,100 guineas, and a filly foal from her, by Colombo, realised 1,500 guineas; Olein was knocked down to Mr. Tom Ohlson for 17,000 guineas, which equalled the world's record price ever paid for a mare; and Perfect Peace went to Dante's owner, Sir Eric Ohlson, at 5,600 guineas. So it came about that another 34,900

guineas were added to Grand Peace's earnings. When Lord Portal bought her, Grand Peace was carrying a foal by Colombo. This foal died before being raced; her next foal was Solpax which won the Doncaster Produce Stakes last September, and is fancied in some quarters to earn brackets in the One Thousand Guineas and Oaks during the coming season. Should she do so, her success will prove that a classic winner can be bred from a cheap mare which has been, so to speak, born in the gutter—or, more correctly, weaned in a chicken-house.

ROYSTON.

CORRESPONDENCE

NEW POWER FOR THE LAND

SIR,—Notwithstanding many references in speeches and in the Press to the application of electricity to the land, it does not appear that the use of electric power for actual operations of cultivation has been contemplated, nor has one seen references to lay-outs of distribution to the fields. The not-distant exhaustion of oil, if not physically, yet in sterling, the possibility of importing power from Norway and that of cheap nuclear energy, which scientists forecast will have to be distributed on electric circuits, make the wider use of electricity on the farm a study well worth while.

Apart from the actual means of transfer from the distribution system to the power unit, the economic placing of the mains, especially in relation to the fields, needs consideration. What proportion of our farms is occupied by access lanes, accommodation roads and hedgeside cart-tracks that have to be kept clear of crops?

In developing farming from an occupation to an industry there will be a consolidation of the far too numerous paddocks and so on into working fields and a rectification of the larger field boundaries to save waste of space and time. These new boundaries might be "designed" access roads along which the distribution pole lines might pass—which might also allow of quicker transport by suitably adapted lorries.

When the redundant airfields are being brought back into use a rational lay-out might be adopted and the material in the runways used for the service roads.—J. M. N. WILSON, Houndapit, Kilkhampton, Cornwall.

[There is certainly scope for experimental work, but the immediate application of electric power to field cultivation on a commercial scale seems unlikely.—ED.]

PICTURE CLEANING

SIR,—As a footnote to Professor A. P. Laurie's informative article on methods of picture cleaning (November 29, 1946), you may care to reproduce Hogarth's amusing engraving of Time blackening a picture. I see that it has been referred to in the correspondence in the Press aroused by the National Gallery's policy in cleaning pictures, but I have not seen it reproduced, and no doubt it is not widely known. Father Time is seated on a statue broken beneath his weight (with the words underneath it *As Statues Moulder into Worth*) and is engaged in "ageing" a painting.

Above the painting is a quotation from the Greek comic poet Crates which may be translated: "For Time is a foolish craftsman who makes all things feeble," and a reference to a number of *The Spectator* in which Addison describes how he visited a picture gallery and there came across a hall that had paintings by living artists on the one side and works by old masters long since dead on the other. Along the former side were the authors of the several paintings, hard at work on them; on the latter was an old man who moved slowly to and fro,

adding light touches to the works of the old masters. "I could not forbear looking upon the face of this ancient workman," writes Addison, "and immediately, by the long lock of hair on his forehead, discovered him to be Time."

The print formed the subscription ticket for Hogarth's plate of Sigismunda (the painting for which is in the Tate Gallery). It appeared in 1701 and was intended as a satire on connoisseurs who preferred darkened old masters to fresh modern paintings. Though the views of connoisseurs have changed in the interval, the print leaves no doubt on which side Hogarth would have been in the current recrudescence of the ancient controversy.—CURIOUS CROWE, Lamberhurst, Kent.

MARY FOTHERBY

SIR,—The portrait about which Mr. Macnaghten asks in *Collectors' Questions* in your issue of December 20, 1946, under the heading *The Shepherdess*, is certainly not of Mary Fotherby, of whom there are two portraits in my family, one by Joseph Highmore and the other by an unknown artist, who might also be Highmore, for the

treatment is very similar in the two pictures.

Mary Fotherby has not so wide a forehead as has Mr. Macnaghten's lady or so pointed a chin, and there are other facial differences between the two that make it impossible for them to be identical.

Mary Fotherby was baptised at Barham, near Canterbury, on November 13, 1708, the second daughter, but eventual heir, of Capt. Charles Fotherby, R.N., of Barham Court. She was married first, April 27, 1728, at Barham, to Henry, only son of Charles Mompesson, and grandson of Sir Thomas Mompesson, of Bathampton, Wiltshire, and secondly September 11, 1735, at St. Anne's, Soho, to Sir Edward Dering, fifth baronet (as his second wife), to whom she brought £30,000. By him she had seven children, of whom four died in infancy. She herself died on December 16, 1775, and was buried at Pluckley, Kent.—PHILIP H. BLAKE, 29, Hamilton Gardens, St. John's Wood, N.W.8.

THE BROCKEN SPECTRE

SIR,—In several recent letters on the Brocken Spectre, a phenomenon well known to meteorologists, the coloured

ring round the observer's shadow is called a rainbow, or a halo, or even a rainbow halo. But, like the cockroach which is neither a cock nor a roach, the ring in question is neither a rainbow nor a halo, but is known as a glory; it is akin to the corona, the coloured ring close up round the sun and moon when they are shining through thin clouds. Both corona and glory are caused by light being diffracted by the water-drops of which the cloud or mist is composed.—C. J. P. CAVE, Stoner Hill, Petersfield, Hampshire.

AN ABNORMAL PARTRIDGE

SIR,—When a partridge shot by me on December 26 last was being prepared for table, it was found to have an egg in it. The colouring of this egg was normal, but when the egg was opened it appeared to consist only of yoke. It did not look in any way added or bad.

Another peculiar fact about this bird was a large growth on the right of its gizzard. This was oval in shape and approximately an inch and a quarter long by an inch in diameter. When cut open it had the appearance of a very fine-grained onion with pale yellow colouring on the outside merging into a brown centre.

I should be very interested if you or any of your readers could throw any light on to the causes of these strange phenomena.—R. D. BROWNE (Capt.), Cotswold, Mulberry Green, Harlow, Essex.

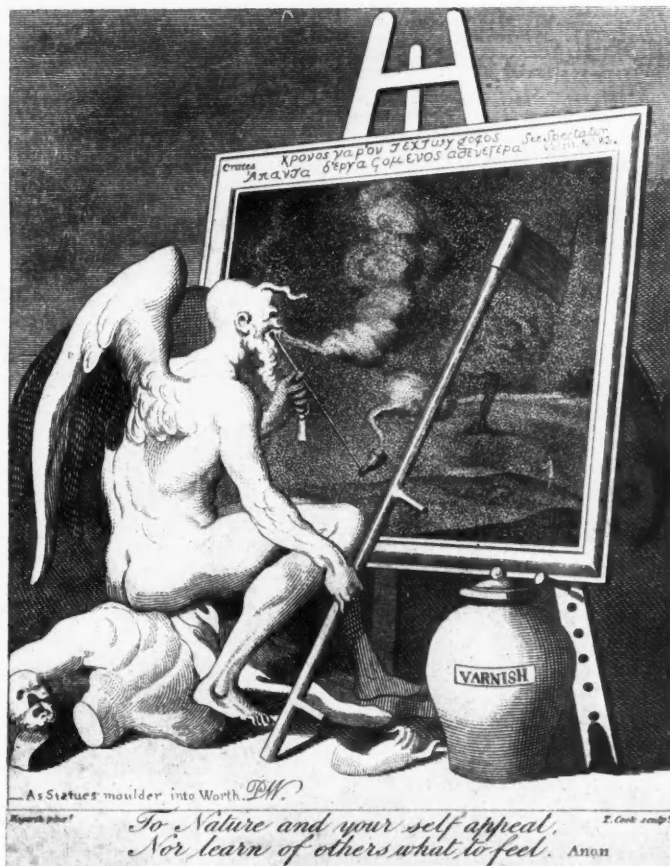
[This partridge was evidently a diseased bird, and the unseasonable egg was probably due to some abnormal condition of the ovaries.—ED.]

A HOME-BRED WILD DUCK

SIR,—Mr. Watkins-Pitchford's article, *Mr. Shovelbeak*, in your issue of January 3, prompts me to tell you the story of our wild duck, Wildy. She was hatched in the incubator in May, along with a dozen Aylesburys, and was the only wild duck of the ten hatched out to survive the unsuitable feeding and the onslaught of, we think, cats.

Our mixed family were most interesting to watch during their first few weeks in the foster-mother, and they seemed to make friends from the start, the wild ducklings gradually adopting the land habits of the Aylesburys, and after two weeks or so learning to propel themselves forwards instead of approaching their food at the run backwards. There was, unfortunately, no running water in which they might find their natural food, and they thrived but poorly on the biscuit meal that we fed to them.

Our Aylesbury family dwindled (and very good they tasted), and in the end we were left with an Aylesbury drake, two Aylesbury ducks, and Wildy. All the Aylesburys seemed very attached to Wildy and she to them and although she once or twice went away for a few hours she never attempted to desert her friends, and I never saw her fly at a greater height than about 6 feet. (One wing had been clipped, but probably not very successfully).



TIME BLACKENING A PICTURE: AN ENGRAVING BY HOGARTH THAT FORMED THE SUBSCRIPTION TICKET FOR HIS PLATE OF SIGISMUNDA

See letter: Picture Cleaning

The question of companions for Wildy was a problem, and we did contemplate expending a vast sum on a White Runner husband for her and killing off her Aylesbury companions for Christmas, as had been our original intention. However, in the end we decided to leave things as they were; and I think we all secretly hoped that Wildy might find wing when the breeding season came and perhaps honour us sometimes with a supper call.

But it was not to be. Christmas morning dawned and there was no Wildy at the orchard gate. A search of the lane outside, and of the stream there to which the ducks sometimes escaped, produced no trace of her.

Since then we have learned, quite casually that a neighbour and two German prisoners, coming upon a wild duck in the lane on Christmas Eve, decided that the "poor thing must have hurt itself," since it made little attempt to escape from them, and that it would be a kindness to put it out of its pain.

Thus ended the story of our Wildy. I understand she made excellent eating on Christmas Day—just like any other wild duck. What a pity



THE LATE HENRY CHANDLER, OF BEMPTON, YORKSHIRE, BEING LOWERED OVER THE CLIFFS THERE TO GATHER SEA-BIRDS' EGGS. (Right) MR. CHANDLER WEARING HIS HARNESS AND UNUSUAL CRASH-HELMET

See letter: A Notable Yorkshire Egg-Climber

for our Wildy alive!—ANNE GREENHOUGH, *The Staich House, Eardisland, Herefordshire.*

AN ARCHITECTURAL MONSTROSITY

SIR,—The enclosed photograph shows the last and least beautiful specimen of British architecture that I saw as I left Liverpool docks on a recent trip to America. As a piece of bad design, I feel, and hope, that it is unique.

What appears to be a battle-mented tower, complete with devices of curving swords, battle-axes and spears, actually supports the chimney that you see growing out of it, and houses pumping machinery connected with the docks. I am indebted to Mr. John Gloag, who was one of my fellow passengers, for the comment that this tower of grey stone seemed to have been created by a fusion of the genius of Scott with that of Ruskin.—E. RICHARDSON, 27, Villiers Road, West Bridgford, Nottinghamshire.

THE WRESTLING BARONET

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE of November 15 last you published a photograph of the monument to Sir Thomas Parkyns, the Wrestling Baronet, in the village church at Bunny not far from Nottingham. Your correspondent also referred to buildings in the village that owe their origin to him. The photographs that I send show the village school and hospital that he built near the church. His initials (Sir T. P.) appear in ironwork on the brick gable, with the date 1700. In the second picture the tower that he added to his house to watch hawking in the park can be seen rising above the roof of the picturesque village inn.—R. W., Bristol, Gloucestershire.



A LIVERPOOL DOCKS LAND-MARK: THE TOWER AND THE CHIMNEY ENCLOSED BY IT FORM PART OF A PUMPING STATION

See letter: An Architectural Monstrosity.

our neighbour did not know that we would happily have presented him with three fat Aylesburies in exchange

A NOTABLE YORKSHIRE EGG-CLIMBER

SIR,—Having just learned, with regret, of the sudden death of Henry Chandler, one of the veteran Bempton, Yorkshire, egg-climbers, I enclose a photograph showing him in his novel rig-out. The harness, comprising a kind of sling-suit of strong webbing, strapped from the shoulders and around waist and thighs, with the haulage rope fixed to a metal ring at waist level, is common to the other egg-climbers of the neighbourhood, but Chandler prided himself on his unique crash-helmet. Such protection against falling rock is imperative, of course, but Chandler told me that his own device was better for the purpose than any other form of special head-gear: it was an old police helmet!

My other photograph shows him being lowered over the edge of the cliff, which drops sheer for over 300 feet to the wreck-strewn beach. His errand was, of course, to gather the eggs of guillemots, razorbills, kittiwakes and puffins that nest on the cliff-ledges (the work is restricted to the months of May and June), but strangers seeing him reappear on the cliff edge for the first time might well have rubbed their eyes, so odd would it seem for a policeman to issue from that quarter!—G. BERNARD WOOD, Rawdon, Leeds.

THE WREN-BOYS' SONG IN EIRE

SIR,—Recent correspondence about mummers and wren-boys prompted me to pay special attention to the jingles sung outside my door by the "wren"-boys on Boxing Day morning, and I send them to you together with some variations that were offered by the different groups of boys. (I do

not include such deplorable innovations as *The Rose of Tralee*, *The Mountains of Mourne* and even *The Lambeth Walk*!)

*The Wren, the Wren, the King of all birds,
On Stephen's Day was caught in the furze;
I up with me stick and gave him a all,
And brought him into the wren-boys' all.
Or,
And brought him along for you all to see.
(In one surprising instance the last two lines had a more abandoned*



significance, thus: *I up with me stick and gave him a clout and knocked him into a bottle of stout!*)

*Dithroleen, dithroleen, where's your nest?
'Tis up in the tree that I love best!
Above in the holy and ivy tree,
Where none of the birds can meddle with me.*

Or,
And all the wren-boys follow me.

(The word which I have tried to spell phonetically as 'dithroleen' is the Irish for wren.)

The singers this year here, consequently, wound up their efforts by using these two lines:

*Up with the kettle and down with the pan.
And give us your answer and let us be gone!*

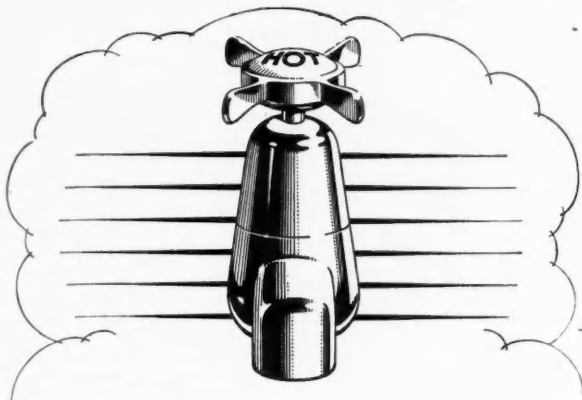
Scarcity has had its effect on the garb worn by the boys this year, for although their faces were blackened with soot, and in three instances the disguise was assisted by very respectable hats embellished with a turkey's tail or wing feather, there was no attempt to wear more ragged or amusing clothes. Each group did, however, have a holly bush plentifully

(Continued on page 243)



THE SCHOOL AT BUNNY, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. BUILT BY SIR THOMAS PARKYNS, THE WRESTLING BARONET. (Right)—THE VILLAGE INN, WITH THE BARONET'S HAWKING TOWER RISING BEHIND

See letter: The Wrestling Baronet



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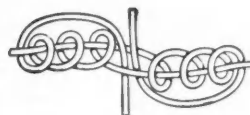


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P.211

Playing card QUEEN series: No. 4



The Queen was like this in 1706

She carried a mace, and her knave a flower—the reverse of today.

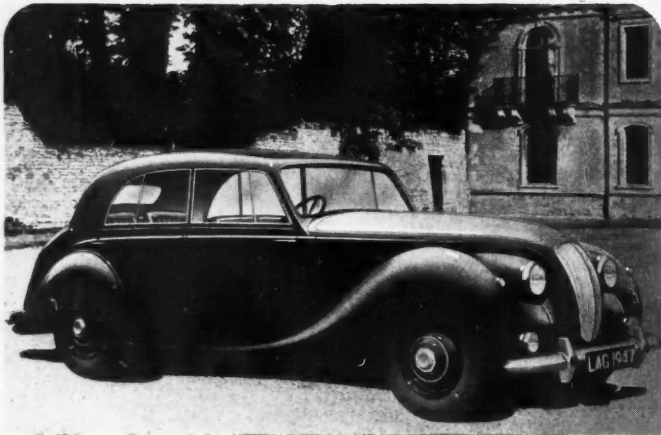
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the 2½ litre, Six Cylinder



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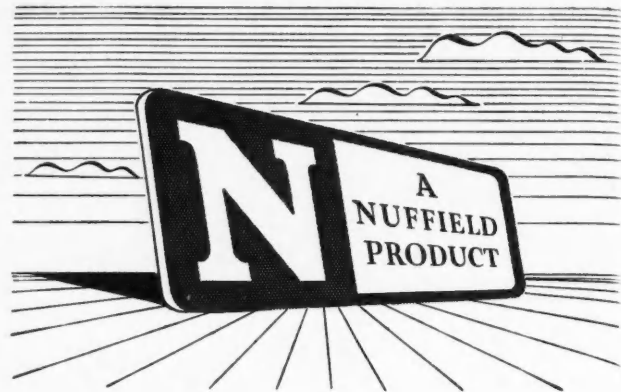
"Hydrogen, father, is invisible in gaseous form"

MANY fathers, confronted with such statements, are apt to become invisible themselves. Fortunately, The British Oxygen Company dealing so much with the invisible, can help adults to meet modern youth on an equal footing. Hydrogen, for example, is an invisible gas, produced most prosaically from ordinary water—the visible becoming invisible. It is done electrolytically. (If your son isn't about, a dictionary will do). But what even many of the best in-

formed small boys don't know is that hydrogen is used in the manufacture of margarine, perfumes and electric lamps. To the layman that sounds more like a Walt Disney fantasy than fact. But the up-to-date industrialist knows that the extraction of various gases from air and water has already revolutionised many manufacturing processes; and so he keeps in touch with our nearest branch with an eye to future developments.



The British Oxygen Co. Ltd. London & Branches



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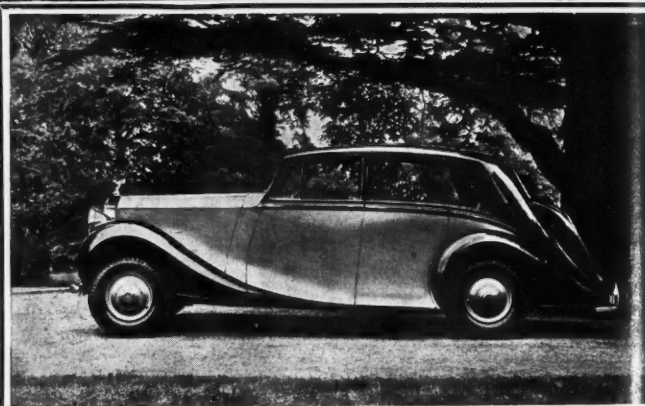
Here is the pooled wisdom and experience of a dozen free enterprises, not squandered in rivalry but shared in efficient co-operation. This announcement is to remind you of the benefits which these manufacturers (with their many thousands of fine craftsmen) by

joining forces, can confer on you as a motorist.

But remember that while these concerns are freely associated they yet retain their individuality. Each firm of the Nuffield Organisation is a self-contained unit with its own drawing offices, research laboratories and specialist craftsmen; its own policy of design and production which enables it to offer you products of distinction and character.

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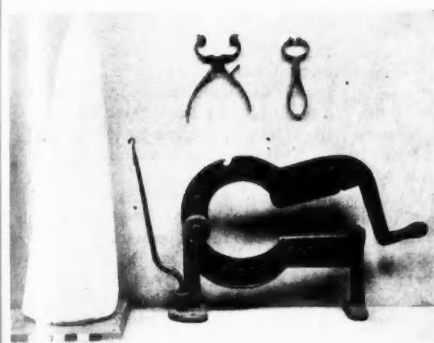
furnished with bright bits of cloth and paper.

As a child in South Tipperary, I remember hearing other versions of the wren-boys' song, the first verse of which was probably purely local, though capable of being adapted to other places.

*As I was going to Killenaule,
I met the wren upon a wall,
I up with my stick and knocked him down,
And brought him into Clonmel town.*

*The Wren, the Wren, as you may see
Is guarded by the holly tree;
Sing Ivy, sing Holly, sing Holly, sing Ivy,
To keep a bad Christmas 'tis but a folly.*

*Mr. XYZ is a worthy man,
And to his house we've brought the wren.
Up with the kettle and down with the pan,
O give us an answer and let us be gone.*



A SUGAR-LOAF AND THREE SUGAR-CUTTERS

See letter: Sweets of Office

The mode of address in the last verse was altered to suit the household's rank and sex, using "woman" in place of "man" where needed. Even titles were easily surmounted, for Mister the Earl was a worthy man too.

Garments presented no difficulty in those days, either, and the bizarre was effected generally and easily. Lace curtains in various revolting stages of decay were greatly sought after.

There was better team-work, too. Now there are too many couples and even single performers. Then there were sixes and sometimes a group of ten, using banjos, "squeeze-boxes," tin-whistles, combs, drums, and all kinds of music! Terrifying masks were also used over the blackened faces.

I recall that a couple did go about

then. They were two very famous local characters, and went to considerable trouble to make themselves up and give their patrons good value. I cannot remember their real names (if I ever knew them), but they were known as Stringey Hickey and Dick the Rat. The one was absurdly tall and thin, the other minute. I wonder if they are still alive.—T. H. C. McFALL (Rev.), Fiddown Rectory, Piltown, Waterford, Eire.

SWEETS OF OFFICE

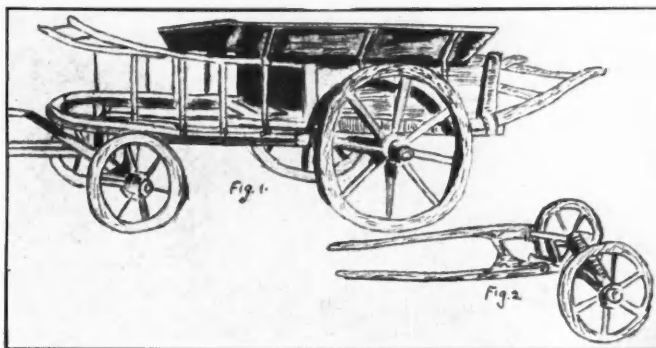
SIR,—When the appointment of Sir Hartley Shawcross as Recorder of Kingston-on-Thames was announced towards the end of last year, it was suggested that the traditional emolument of two sugar-loaves (referred to in an Editorial note of November 29, 1946) would be lacking because there were thought to be no sugar-loaves in the country. More recently, however, it was reported that at Thornaby-on-Tees there were about five tons, imported from Melnik near Prague in 1939. But since these sugar-loaves were under control for the making of caster and icing sugar to be sold on the ration, Sir Hartley seems unlikely to have been much better off.

Two sugar-loaves would certainly be a useful addition to the household rations; it is reported that when the custom of giving sugar to the newly appointed Recorder of Kingston-on-Thames began, in 1594, four loaves weighed 27½ lb.

Since most people have never seen a sugar-loaf, I send, by permission of the National Museum of Wales, a photograph of a typically shaped one and three sugar-cutters (such as were commonly used about a century ago) in the collection of the Department of Folk Life. This sugar-loaf was made specially for the Museum in 1926 by the donors, Messrs. Thomas Stephens and Co.—J. W., Abingdon, Berkshire.

PRINCE BLÜCHER AND HERM

SIR,—With reference to recent remarks about Prince Blücher von Wahlstadt's lease of the island of Herm, Arbiter (November 22, 1946) and C. H. N. A., Kent (December 13, 1946) are both wrong in their dates.



A HERMAPHRODITE AS USED BY NORFOLK FARMERS

See letter: Arthur Young and the Hermaphrodite

C. H. N. A. states that the Prince left Germany and settled at Herm "about 1908 or earlier." As a schoolboy I used to spend my summer holidays in Guernsey each year with my late uncle, who lived there most of his life and was a great personal friend of Prince and Princess Blücher. Between 1895 and 1898 they resided on Herm, maintaining semi-regal state; and each summer my uncle used to take me over to see them. How much earlier than that they had lived on Herm I do not know. They had to leave on the outbreak of the Great War in 1914 and never returned.—W. F., Reading, Berkshire.

A MEDIAEVAL INN

SIR,—The front of The George Inn at Norton St. Philip, Somerset, with its 15th-century bay windows and porch and its over-hanging half-timberwork above, is well known to motorists. Less often seen is the octagonal stair turret, shown in my photograph, at the back of the building, with some of the mediaeval windows. Before it became an inn the building was a house belonging to the Abbot of Winton.—C. T. S., Kent.



AT THE BACK OF THE GEORGE INN, NORTON ST. PHILIP

See letter: A Mediaeval Inn

WEST RIDING GATEPOSTS

SIR,—In the farming district of Warley, near Halifax, Yorkshire, there are a number of stone gateposts that have three round holes in one post and three slots terminating in a round hole in the opposite post, as illustrated in the adjoining photographs. A local nonagenarian thinks the posts have been there for about a hundred years or more.

It is evident that the owner of the land used wooden poles in the holes instead of having wooden gates, such as are used on most farms, there being plenty of trees in the adjoining woods. Is this an example of Yorkshire thrift?—ARNOLD JOWETT, 310, Hopwood Lane, Halifax, Yorkshire.

ARTHUR YOUNG AND THE HERMAPHRODITE

SIR,—Commentators on Norfolk farming have often remarked with interest on the use made by Norfolk farmers of the hermaphrodite, as has been noted in your columns. Arthur Young's observation may not be so well known. In his *Farmer's Tour Through the East of England* (1771), he produced a sketch of one (reproduced herewith) and said (pages 141-142): "They have throughout this country a machine which I have not seen anywhere else, which is a cart convertible into a waggon by adding at pleasure two fore wheels. The farmers very sensibly remarked the danger that the

they load them with 10 or 12 quarters of barley with the utmost ease, which is near as much as a waggon will carry; on the other hand, the fore carriage takes off with the greatest ease, and then the cart is ready for marle, dung, earth, etc."—M. F. LLOYD-PRICHARD, 75, Panton Street, Cambridge.

SNOW ON THE HILLS

SIR,—In his review of Mr. Frank Smythe's *Snow on the Hills* in your issue of December 13 last, Mr. W. A. Poucher states that the book "demonstrates the inferiority of the lighting in this country when compared with that of the Alps, the Rockies or the Himalayas. It is for this reason that it is usually impossible to secure photographs of equal merit in Britain, even in a severe winter."

Brilliantly lit snow photographs can be obtained frequently and easily in Scotland, as an examination of the Scottish Mountaineering and Cairngorm Club Journals will reveal. Such results, however, are the reward of the faithful, and can be obtained only by climbers who go to our Scottish mountains every other week-end throughout the winter, and not by casual visitors.—B. H. HUMBLE, 91, Berkeley Street, Glasgow, C.3.

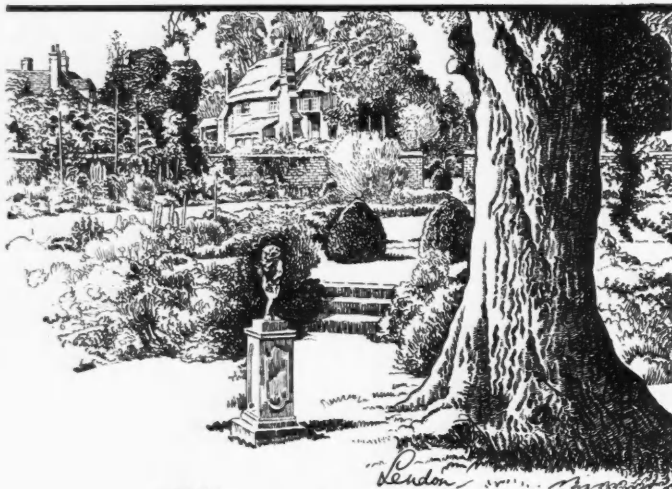


HOLE AND SLOT GATEPOSTS NEAR HALIFAX

See letter: West Riding Gateposts



A WINTER'S DREAM



We shall always find pleasure in planning the summer glory of an old and beautiful garden. Time has made it a part of our lives . . . a tradition . . . as natural to us as the unchanging pleasure of a Player's Cigarette.

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NEW BOOKS

THE SUBURBAN WAY OF LIFE

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

IT is possible to enjoy Mr. J. M. Richards's *The Castles on the Ground* (Architectural Press, 8s. 6d.), without accepting all he says as gospel. He has made a journey into the suburbs and come back with a mingling of enthusiasm and dismay for what he found there; also with a lot of theories to account for the inhabitants and their strange ways, and with an amusing assumption that few people, if any, have been into this jungle before him.

Primarily this is a book about the architecture of the suburbs, but, since the style of a house may be assumed to reflect in some degree the personality of the people who live in it, it is also a book about the population of the suburbs. So far as the architecture goes, Mr. Richards accepts it as "our own contemporary vernacular." He sees it as having "the one quality of all true vernaculars, that of

live in the country, for there you can by no means escape from being absorbed into every activity of your neighbours. If you want to be able to pick and choose between isolation and sociability, live in a suburb; and if you want to live as undiscovered as Crusoe, live in town."

Nor should I agree that the suburbs contain a "type," whether the distributing type or any other. In mental and spiritual variety I have found the suburban population not differentiated from townsmen. As for the suburbs coming into being in order to house this new phenomenon, the middleman, that too, I should call a mere sociological phantasy. I imagine that the suburbs happened simply because the towns became too big, too dirty, too noisy, to be any longer attractive. There are thousands of people living in the suburbs who would prefer to live in town but for the

THE CASTLES ON THE GROUND. By J. M. Richards
(Architectural Press, 8s. 6d.)

THE STATE OF MIND OF MRS. SHERWOOD.
By Naomi Royde-Smith
(Macmillan, 7s. 6d.)

POSTMAN'S HORN. By Arthur Bryant
(Home and Van Thal, 15s.)

being rooted in the people's instincts; and even its shortcomings—its snobishness, its self-deceptions, its sentimentalities, the uncertainties of its objectives—are evidence of this closeness to everyday life." I don't imagine that he is altogether pleased with the architecture of the suburbs; but he is prepared to take suburbia for what it is—or for what he thinks it is—and that is "a kind of oasis in which every tree and every brick can be accounted for," a place which "excludes the unpredictable as far as possible from everyday life," and which, by indulging in all sorts of individual whims and fancies, does give some expression to the creative instinct.

ORIGINS OF SUBURBIA

It is when Mr. Richards begins to speculate on the forces that brought the suburbs into being that one finds him a bit hard to swallow. In the beginning, he argues, there was the land that produced and the town that consumed. The producers were solitary souls: they "forced themselves away from their fellows into the open spaces." The townsmen congregated "as a result of their gregarious instincts or their belief in the unifying principle." Then sprang up a new class of being—neither producer nor consumer—but middleman, distributor. Disliking both town and country, he produced that compromise called a suburb.

Looking at this with a fairly long life behind me, evenly split up between residence in town, suburb and country, I don't find it at all convincing. I should say: "If you want to give your 'gregarious instincts' full play, go and

expense and inconvenience of so doing, and plenty, too, who would prefer the real country if it were at all possible to live there.

What sort of towns Mr. Richards would himself approve does not appear. He rather surprisingly dismisses as "not good towns" the typical 18th-century examples: Colnbrook, Marlborough, Thame, Reigate, to name a few. These Georgian coaching towns are "but an early instance of the ribbon development that later, with the further growth of the influence of distribution, was allowed to ruin the shapeliness of town and countryside."

The only guess one can make about his ideal is that "planning" must go into it. "From the planning point of view Georgian towns seldom got beyond the primitive stage of a automatic response to external stimuli, with the exception of a few places like Bath." However, the great thing is that Mr. Richards has not joined the already over-large band of sneers and scorners. If one can hardly agree that the dwellers in suburbs are strange animals to be approached with exploring curiosity, at least it is something to find an explorer who reaches the conclusion that the suburbs are now "the heart of England."

MRS. SHERWOOD

Many people have heard of *The Fairchild Family*; but not many have read it or could tell you who wrote it. Fewer still know that the author, Mrs. Sherwood, was one of the most prolific of English authors. Both children and grown-ups, in the early part of the nineteenth century, were given the unfailing benefit of her pen. It pro-

duced hundreds of works, from pamphlets to long novels.

Miss Naomi Royde-Smith, who has written *The State of Mind of Mrs. Sherwood* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.), tells us that Mrs. Sherwood "deserves to be remembered quite as much for her indomitable character as for the vigour and vivacity of her now forgotten writings." However, my own feeling after reading Miss Royde-Smith's book is that she is rather concerned with giving Mrs. Sherwood a crack over the head than with any attempt to rehabilitate a forgotten author.

Mrs. Sherwood was born Mary Martha Butt. Her father was a Church of England clergyman. She drifted, in the course of the years, father and farther away from any sort of institutional religion. "The Abolitionism of Wesley did, to some extent, tabulate what she, at one time, accepted as the Truth, but it did not include a recognition of the unordained individual's authority to expound every facet of that Truth—neither Quaker nor Methodist could assimilate Mrs. Sherwood. . . . When she lay on her deathbed no priest of the Church she had vilified, no minister of the Gospel she had quitted in anger was called to offer her even the semblance of a viaticum. Her son, though in orders, was not sent for to pray with his dying mother."

ATTITUDE TO RELIGION

This is the "state of mind" with which Miss Royde-Smith is concerned. Whether it is worth while to drag up and display the egotistic follies of someone so long dead and forgotten is a point readers must decide for themselves. "In her single-minded search for error in Protestant and iniquity in Catholic churches on the Continent, Mrs. Sherwood was probably unique among English women of her period," says the author. She may have been unique in the intensity of her aversion; but it should not be overlooked that she was expressing something which is fairly constant beneath the crust of English life and which breaks out again and again. The newspapers of late tell of a recurrence of disorder in Anglican churches over the question of the Mass. For myself, I think this deplorable, but, seeing that it is always there, I feel it rather excessive that this unimportant and forgotten woman should be singled out for obloquy.

And despite what Miss Royde-Smith has to say in comparing some of Mrs. Sherwood's work with Jane Austen's, she was unimportant. If it had not been for this, and that, and the other thing, this author tells us, "she might have left more than one novel which could bear comparison with *Pride and Prejudice* and *Persuasion*." But the whole point about a writer of genius is that the "ifs" are vanquished and there is no "might" about it. If Mrs. Sherwood had had it in her to write a novel like *Pride and Prejudice* she would have done so. I have never myself believed in "mute, inglorious Miltons," or in works of genius that lie unrecognized through the centuries.

17th-CENTURY ENGLAND

Messrs. Home and Van Thal have re-published Arthur Bryant's *Postman's Horn*, which first appeared ten years ago (15s.). Mr. Bryant in his introduction expresses the belief that "the only way in which a man can comprehend the modes of thought and behaviour of a vanished society is by making himself familiar with its everyday correspondence. And without that, historical research is a delusion,

for the politics, economics, literature and philosophy of any given age alike rest on the social feelings and behaviour of the great mass of living beings who comprise it."

That, then, is the *raison d'être* of this present book, which seeks, successfully, to show us what the latter part of the seventeenth century was like in England by giving us a representative selection of letters of the time. The whole thing has the authentic feeling of the first-hand. Lover writes to lover, father to son, brother to brother, upon every imaginable topic. We find out what it was like to be at school from the schoolboy's own words, and how hard it was to make ends meet at the university from the letters of a harassed undergraduate. And so with affairs in the house and the shop, on the road, in church, and finally in the churchyard. Altogether this is an admirable endeavour, successfully carried through.

ARTIST NATURALIST

MEMOIRS of an Artist Naturalist, by George E. Lodge (Gurney and Jackson, 31s. 6d.) is an interesting collection of reminiscences, opinions and advice by one of the leading British painters of birds, illustrated with twenty-four reproductions, sixteen of which are in colour, of his own paintings. Mr. Lodge has made a speciality of painting birds of prey, and he has a good deal to say about them and about hawking, in which he has long taken a keen and active interest. Game birds also play an important part in the book, and give him the opportunity to share with one some of the knowledge he has gained from an extensive experience of shooting. He has travelled widely in search of birds, and one of the attractions of the book is that it takes the reader not only to certain of the more remote parts of the British Isles but to Norway and Sweden as well.

Mr. Lodge supports the now generally accepted view that the drumming of both the woodpecker and the snipe is instrumental, but for those who allege that macadamised roads, artificial manure, and chickens on the stubbles have had a detrimental effect on partridges he has nothing but scorn. Whether or not we get a good partridge year is, he insists, "all and only a question of weather."

In his final chapter he sets down some of the precepts he has followed in painting birds, laying stress on the importance of getting the bird and its surroundings in their correct proportions and of supplementing accurate observation of birds in the field with a detailed study of skins in a museum. The study of stuffed and mounted specimens should, however, he urges, be undertaken with caution, and in general only by those who are sufficiently experienced to rectify the imperfections of the stuffing in their drawing. The success of his method is apparent from the illustrations to the book.

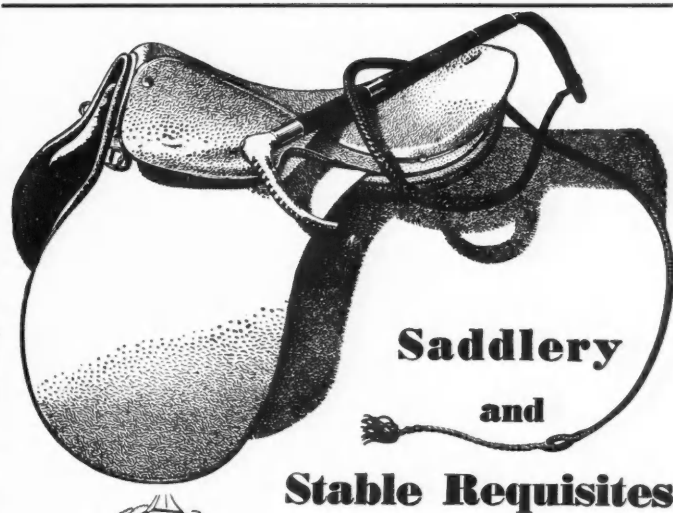
J. K. A.

HONEY PRODUCTION

SOME three years before the war Mr. R. O. B. Manley produced two very useful and sensibly arranged books on bee-keeping, the first of which, *Honey Production in the British Isles* (Faber, 18s.) has now been produced in a new and enlarged edition. Mr. Manley is a bee-keeper by profession; bee-keeping is not merely his chosen hobby, and he has had an experience of every side of his craft and business, which gives him a thoroughly practical outlook upon them. The book is well illustrated and lucidly written and being most comprehensive in scope can be recommended both to practised bee-keepers as a book of reference and to those with more elementary aims and less experience as a useful guide and textbook.

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FARMING NOTES

WINTER PLOUGHING

WITH so much wet everywhere since November farmers have had little chance, except on the uplands, to press ahead with winter ploughing. The weeks are passing, and in February many farmers like to make a start with the spring sowing of oats and barley. There is no virtue in trying to force a tilth against Nature at this time of year, and all we can do is to be ever-watchful to seize the first opportunity to work with Nature in getting a seed-bed. The Government have asked for more wheat to be sown this spring, and my corn-merchant tells me that there is a revived interest in seed wheat, particularly *Atle*, which has earned a reputation for good yielding when sown in February or March. He fears, however, that many of his customers will not get the compound fertilisers they want in time to give a complete dressing at sowing. The manufacturers are still very short of potash and this has held up their operations. In order to get on with compounding they are using smaller proportions of potash. This may suffice on some ground, but the soils that are deficient in potash, especially those close to the chalk, need a full ration of this plant-food. I notice that some of the autumn-sown wheat is not looking too happy. The trouble is no doubt due to the waterlogged state of the ground. When frost comes on wet land it can have a most damaging effect on the autumn-sown corn. But the latter generally revives strongly enough in the spring, and I am not despairing of any of my fields.

Potatoes in Bales

IT may interest other farmers who grow potatoes, willingly or unwillingly, to know that the method of clamping potatoes between walls of baled straw has again given satisfactory results on my farm. We have just finished putting up 110 tons of *Majestics* which have been sent away in good order. There were very few bad tubers, and the clamp kept perfectly dry. The method is to build parallel walls of baled straw four bales high. The width is also four bales. The bales are built in the same way as a brick wall, one overlapping the other. The potatoes are heaped inside, the roof being made up to a peak with straw and thatched. Finally the cracks between the bales are tightly stuffed with straw. This way of storing potatoes saves a good deal of labour compared with the traditional method of covering the clamp with soil and then laboriously removing the covering. It also has the advantage that the baled walls give shelter to the men when they are getting the potatoes out. It is a simple matter to rig up a tarpaulin over the end of the clamp where they are working.

Wheat Threshing

I have been able to dispose of some doubtful wheat at the milling price under the special dispensation allowed by the Minister of Food for January-threshed wheat. I must admit that the tops of some of the ricks were so wet that they were not fit to go through the machine. These sodden sheaves are going straight to the hens, and my neighbours who have not any hens have sent along odd lots of wet sheaves that would otherwise be wasted. The merchants and the millers have been making little difficulty about taking wheat that shows fully one-half of the grains to have sprouted in the harvest field. We put our worst wheat, that gathered last from under overhanging trees, into two small ricks. I hardly thought that this poor stuff, which had all sprouted a vivid green before it was gathered, would be acceptable as potentially millable wheat. But it has gone away, and the deduction made by the millers for

conditioning it is at the rate of 2s. 4d. a quarter. I am glad to be able to forget about it.

Goodwill for South America

THE small party drawn from British agriculture which is to form the goodwill mission to South America should enjoy themselves. They will certainly be given much warm hospitality, and they are the type of people who will be appreciated in Argentina, Brazil, Chile and the other countries they are to visit. The party will be led by Sir William Garrow, who has been Agricultural Adviser to the Ministry of Agriculture since 1919. If the South Americans want to know anything about our methods of crop control and inducing maximum food production, they will be able to hear the facts first-hand from Sir William. Two of his companions are to be Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Strutt, who have built up the famous Terling herd of British Friesians in Essex. Mrs. Strutt is, I believe, as good a judge of a cow as her husband. Colonel S. E. Ashton, another member of the party, has taken a leading part in the affairs of the Shorthorn Society, and Major T. K. Jeans, who farms at Broadchalk, near Salisbury, knows all about Hampshire Down sheep. He was President of the Breed Society a year or two ago, and already knows the South American countries. Mr. W. Young will represent Scotland, and another member of the party will be Mr. Dodgson, one of the Ministry of Agriculture's livestock officers. The party is well chosen for its purpose, which is to foster understanding and goodwill between Britain and the South American countries.

For Copenhagen

I AM glad to see that the Government are appointing Agricultural Attachés to our embassies and legations in foreign countries that have agricultural interests in common with us. Mr. Ronald Eve is now going from the Cambridge School of Agriculture to be the Agricultural Attaché in Copenhagen. Mr. Eve is well qualified for this post. For many years he has been Secretary of the School of Agriculture, and thereby he has kept in close touch with scientific developments and also the trends of opinion among the rising generation of educated farmers and agricultural administrators in England. The Cambridge School is our chief nursery for agricultural leaders. When Mr. Eve is settled at Copenhagen, he will no doubt have many calls from those who want to find out for themselves how Danish farmers are faring and how we can match their attainment in the production of eggs and pigs for bacon. Denmark can also give us some useful hints about cattle breeding for meat and butter-fat yields—especially the application of artificial insemination to help small farmers to get the use of really good bulls at economical cost.

Tied Cottages

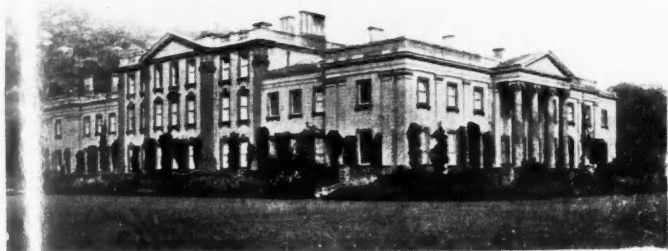
A MONSTER petition is being prepared by the National Union of Agricultural Workers to improve the tied cottage in agriculture. I have never thought it a strong case, perhaps because I have never come across any cases of hardship arising while I do know of many cases where the tied cottage system proves a great convenience to both master and man. A shrewd observer said to me the other evening: "It is time this nonsense about tied cottages was ended. Why don't farmers as a body agree on a day when they will give all their men living in tied cottages notice to terminate the arrangement, and fix the cottage rent at 10s. to 15s. a week. The next morning the Minister would be bombarded with protests from the N.U.A.W." CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

HIMLEY HALL SOLD

THE Earl of Dudley has sold Himley Hall and 200 acres, near Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, to the West Midlands Coal Board, for use as their headquarters. The Hall, the ancestral seat of the Earls of Dudley, was built in 1740, reconstructed in 1820, and residentially modernised 21 years ago. The subsequent two-day auction of the Himley Estates, excluding Himley House, an independent residence, and the home farm, realised £146,802 under the hammer of Messrs. Edwards, Son, and Blackwood and Mathews. Holbeche House, a house on the estate where

general, naturally arouses speculations concerning the future of land ownership. For some years signs have not been wanting that a certain type of tenant aims at applying theories to farming, with the object not of making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, but of reducing the by no means excessive reward received by the landowner. To judge from some speeches, British farming is in a desperate state, only perhaps capable of remedy by "a partnership between the Government and the industry." If this were so it would be hard to see why there has never been keener com-



HIMLEY HALL, STAFFORDSHIRE, WHICH HAS BEEN SOLD TO THE WEST MIDLANDS COAL BOARD

some of the Gunpowder Plotters were captured, was disposed of for £9,000.

MAYFAIR MANSION SALE

CORNELIA, Countess of Craven, has sold the Mayfair mansion, No. 4, Chesterfield Gardens, at the corner of Curzon Street. The price of the freehold was fixed in 1944, when the Egyptian Government took the premises on a lease, with an option to purchase them for £53,000; that option has now been exercised.

Sir Everard Meynell is the new owner of Mill House, Bourne End, a riverside residence which was used by General Eisenhower during the war. Messrs. Curtis and Henson and Messrs. Simmons and Sons were the joint agents in the transaction.

Shenley House, in grounds of 4 acres, occupying high ground near Leighton Buzzard, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Foll and Partner.

A CHANNEL ISLAND OFFER

BRECHOU, one of the smallest of the Channel Islands, is for sale, by Messrs. Jackson-Stops and Staff and a local agent. The isle, close to Sark, consists of a plateau of roughly 160 acres, with a substantial house, and the sea frontage is mainly rugged cliffs rising to a height of 100 feet or more. At some remote period there appear to have been attempts to develop copper mining, traces of which can still be seen.

A Queen Anne house stands on Anstey Hall Farm, four miles from Buntingford, near the border of Cambridgeshire and Essex. The holding of 700 acres, with two sets of farm buildings, will be submitted on January 30, at Bishop's Stortford, Hertfordshire, by Messrs. Hampton and Sons. Possession will be given on Lady Day next.

FUTURE OF LAND OWNERSHIP

HOPE to deal at a later date with the impact on land values of the recently published Town and Country Planning Bill. For the moment, however, I shall confine myself to an examination of the future of land ownership in the light of the Government's general policy of nationalisation.

What has just happened to the coal mines, and seems likely to happen to the railways and transport in

petition for farms than at the present time, or how it is that, in spite of admitted difficulties, such as the scarcity and high cost of labour, a good farmer can still get a good living out of the land.

LABOUR AND MATERIALS

TO the argument that more capital is needed on a great many farms the answer is, partly, that if it were available it could not be used for some essential purposes, such as the provision of new or improved buildings, because labour and materials are unobtainable under existing embargoes. The small farmer (and 75 per cent. of our farms are of less than 100 acres) would doubtless benefit by practical co-operation in marketing, as regards both his requirements and his produce, but co-operation would have to be practical, and not merely more form-filling for the statistical officers in county towns and Whitehall.

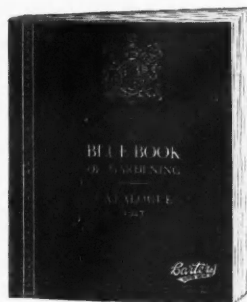
The idea of joint effort is not so easily adopted by the British farmer as it has been by those on the Continent who have not the same traditions of independence and self-reliance, though experience of controls during the war years has begun to broaden his outlook. To reclaim certain areas of land, and to change methods of farming elsewhere, will undoubtedly call for a vast outlay of money and a long-term policy, and maybe it is a task only the State can undertake, as being beyond the scope of ordinary ownership and tenancy. The time-honoured system of landlord and tenant has on the whole worked well, perhaps better for the tenant than the landlord in some respects. Certainly the landlord's net reward for the use of his land has usually been low enough to please the most enthusiastic advocate of reducing the interest on capital.

HOTEL PROBLEMS

NOBODY seems disposed to dispute that allowances for reinstatement of premises, when at last they are freed from requisition, fall far short of what the owners must spend. Rather than face this and other expenses, the proprietors of the Hotel Metropole, Whitby, Yorkshire, have let it for five years with an option of purchase by the lessees. It belongs to Frederick Hotels, Limited, whose sale of the Hotel Great Central, Marylebone Road, to the L.N.E.R., was completed some months ago. ARBITER.

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THE COUNTRYMAN HAS A WORD FOR IT:



A MURMURATION OF STARLINGS

In the language of the countryside, a flock of starlings is a 'murmuration'. Pharmacy has an equally specialized language of its own. For example, the 'superscription' of a prescription is the symbol \mathcal{R} (abbreviated from the Latin *recipe* — 'take thou') which appears at the top of the list of ingredients. Among the general public the best-known name in pharmacy is, of course, that of Boots, recognised everywhere as an assurance of the highest standards in medical supplies of every kind.



a household word throughout the country

SPRING HATS

SHOW THE FOREHEAD



1



2



3



4



5



6

HATS become more picturesque. Designers have gone to the romantic painters for their inspiration, and the wide, upturned brims of the cavaliers, the plumes of Gainsborough and Reynolds, and the tip-tilted flower-trimmed straws of Watteau can be seen in the spring collections. Nine out of ten are worn well back, showing the forehead. Most of the hats are trimmed with a profusion of flowers, feathers and ribbons. Many are wider from side to side than they are from back to front, a line particularly emphasised in some leghorns and pastel felts for summer. Tones of stone, beige, rose beige, oyster, are featured for early spring.

Aage Thaarup masses flowers and feathers with a lavish hand. Tiny quills cascade from the top of a high stocking cap in oyster felt on to the neck, lilies-of-the-valley stream right over the brim of a tiny jade sailor (worn on the side by the by) and cover one ear, flat Victorian red and pink roses cover a tiny sailor and the hand-bag that goes with it—exciting accessories for a plain black frock. Mr. Thaarup ties on his summer straws with tulle, ruches it round upturned brims. He makes a high fisherman's cap in brilliant flowered brocade and cocks it to one side in true nautical style. His wide summer straws in leghorn and fine pedal have pink cabbage roses and black velvet for trimming in the manner of the Edwardians. Colours are bright—jade, rosy red, geranium with white or black for trimming.

Pissot and Pavy show wide coolie hats for the South in cotton or linen and attractive turbans in coarse yarn gaily embroidered. For spring suits, there are coarse straws—halos, bonnets, toques, and saucers

(Continued on page 250)

1 A "Gibson Girl," wide at the sides, narrow back and front, a natural leghorn with black velvet and tea roses. Aage Thaarup

2 For a suit—butter yellow boater with navy trimming worn tilted to one side. Ydelle

3 Beige felt with folded brim and the nodding feathers of a Gainsborough. Pissot and Pavy

4 Leaf green straw boater with stiffened lace halo. Jay

5 Stone beige bicorne with a choux of burgundy and stone beige faille ribbon on the nape of the neck. Gould

6 Navy Baku straw, wider at the sides than in front, the brim faced with ruched fondant pink tulle. Edna Wallace

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—laden with small flowers in vivid mixed colours. Veils can be pulled down in folds under the chin or pulled over the face, when they project either side, rather as though the face is caged. Pastel felt caps are pulled up into a peak over one eye and filled in with a posy of sentimental flowers, white lilac, Parma violets, a rose bud, pansies, forget-me-nots. The colour mixtures are charming and unusual—old gold straws with jade and salmon pink flowers, violet with powder blue, mignonette green and peacock. A pretty country hat is reminiscent of a cavalier with its wide, sweeping brim. It is worn on the back of the head, slightly to one side. This hat, even larger, is being repeated in fine straw for wearing with summer frocks. It has a simple elegance that makes it very easy to wear.

THE Associated Millinery Designers of London held a mass showing at the Dorchester Hotel on January 20, and the hats I have illustrated on these pages appeared at this display. Altogether, ninety models representing thirty-one houses were shown, ranging from immense garden-party and Ascot straws laden with flowers, tulle and ribbons to plain sports felts.

The hats were very colourful, wonderfully diverse in style. Most of them were large: deep toques that pulled on the head, wide straw halos in plaited straw and Baku with the brims faced with ruched tulle, sailors much trimmed with ribbons and roses—the only ones that were worn at all forward and then they were tilted to one side. Nearly all the hats showed the forehead and were pulled well on to the back of the head, many straight, others to one side with the trimming massed behind one ear.

Six colours ran through the many gay shades and mixtures—and these six had been chosen in honour of the Royal tour in South Africa: Rhodesian Gold, Limpopo, Springbok, African Dawn, Cape Mist (an evanescent and hazy pale hyacinth blue), Pale Mealies.

One of the favourite trimmings was the full-blown pink rose of the



Stone beige felt with the brim pleated into a high peak. Dolores

The hats for next season are so constructed at the back that they can rest on top of the chignon or the large smooth coil on the nape of the neck, or be pulled on right over the short natural curly coiffure or the smooth, longer curled-under style. They are elaborate; so the hair needs to be absolutely smooth and sleek. Many coiffures look as though they have been oiled to the head, and many have been. Curls and puffs, everything remotely fussy, is as dead as the dodo.

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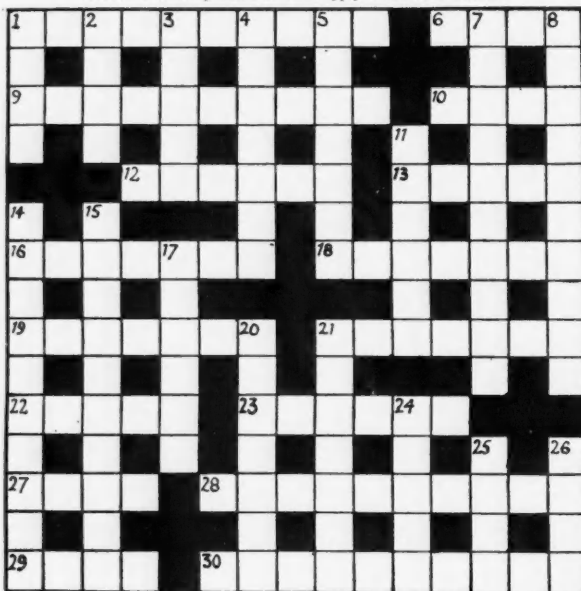


* Trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia

CROSSWORD No. 887

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 887, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, January 30, 1947.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)
Address

SOLUTION TO No. 886. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of January 17, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Butter scotch; 9, Sharpened; 10, Shady; 11, Mutual; 12, Pressing; 13, Norman; 15, Stepsons; 18, Cosmetic; 19, Breath; 21, Palsade; 23, Pincer; 26, Tapir; 27, Implicate; 28, Twelfth Night.

DOWN.—1, Best man; 2, Toast; 3, Esplanade; 4, Sons; 5, Obdurate; 6, Cases; 7, Voyages; 8, Manitoba; 14, Rosy lips; 16, Perdition; 17, Windmill; 18, Capital; 20, Harvest; 22, Strew; 24, Clang; 25, Spit.

ACROSS.

1. Sounds the sort of chair to clamber up (10)
6. For an international, perhaps (1, 3)
9. What 8 and 26 should be performed with? (10)
10. Labour (4)
12. English French English Channel (6)
13. Get an order from Greece (5)
16. No raids but incursions (7)
18. Medical (anagr.) (7)
19. Among parts of speech interjections are his speciality (7)
21. The line of police is slightly expanded to give the rustic swain a place (7)
22. Hardly genuine (5)
23. Fast in the morning to achieve this weight (6)
27. "Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly ————Tennyson (4)
28. Make a departure from a given creed (10)
29. "Not———but gone before" —C. E. S. Norton (4)
30. Baldwin once claimed to wear one (5, 5)

DOWN

- 1 and 14. Appropriate ultimatum from the newspaper vendor's wife to her erring husband (4, 5, 5)
2. Not a good painting (4)
3. Surpass (5)
4. One of the City Companies (7)
5. Fight leading to a conclusion (7)
7. They form part of this "sceptred isle" (1, 5)
- 8 and 26. Bobby's usual walk (10, 4)
11. Cutting up machine (6)
14. See 1 down
15. What they bake are not loaves, nor stones (10)
17. To mention this should have to (6)
20. Has the bib got rumpled in the rush? (sense!) (7)
21. How to be satisfied with the meaning (10)
24. Scot in a snug form (5)
25. Joint with 6 across (4)
26. See 8 down.

The winner of Crossword No. 885 is

Mrs. C. E. Pumphrey,
Belsay,
Northumberland.

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